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"THE DON."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. J. L. TOOLE, IN THIS CHARACTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Marriage gifts are not what they used to be; they are much better, and more valuable. The chief spectacle, next to the bride, at the house where her marriage feast is held is, now, the long tables tastefully set out with the nice little things (and some pretty big ones) which have been given to her and her beloved object. "Know all men by these presents," her proud and pleased face seems to say, "how much he is liked by all who know him, and how Papa and Mamma are liked, and how some people have a regard even for me!" If I were a bride whose engagement had been broken off, one of the most serious disagreeables of the position, to my mind, would be the returning of them. I should prefer to keep them for *next time*, which would save a great deal of inconvenience and embarrassment, and would also make sure of them. The gifts from the man himself, or those, at least, which were eloquent of the affections—the faded flower, his poems and billets-doux, and his much-too-complimentary photograph—would, of course, have to be returned; but I don't think I would insult him by sending back valuable jewellery. He should have the "keeper" of his engaged ring (and welcome), but not the ring itself, which it is only too probable the false creature would put to the same use with some other young person. "Take back the gift (price two shillings)" was a song both the sentiment and price of which were justly and severely commented upon a quarter of a century ago. You should never take back a gift; and, therefore, it is clear you should not afford the giver the opportunity of doing so.

So thought a young lady in East London the other day, whose discarded lover, nevertheless, took out a summons against her in a police-court for the restitution of what he still believed to be his property, because he had parted with it (like the cynic's definition of gratitude) in the hope of favours to come. If his love-gifts were not very valuable they had been unusually various; comprehending tables, towels, three sets of fire-irons, an athletic costume (unhappily not more particularly described), nineteen pictures, and a lamp. This was surely pretty well as to quantity: their rather peculiar nature, as he explained, arose from the young woman's taking a fancy to things she saw in shops (such as a fire-iron), when she would say, "That's very nice, I like it," whereupon, witnessed this ungallant Romeo, "I bought it, and she kept it." Unlike the young person of Oldham, who "when she got presents she sold 'em, and when folks said 'How mean!' she replied 'All serene' and that's about all that she told 'em," this young lady did not sell her presents (very wisely, for they never bring one half they cost); but simply, and so far as they would go, furnished her house with them. Sentiment having come to an end, she took a common-sense view of the matter, and, though she may not have been exactly the girl, as the phrase goes, "for my money," she proved herself to be the girl for her sweetheart's, for the Magistrate decided in her favour. Some things, indeed, were ordered to be given up, but not the fire-irons; and I have searched the report in vain to find what became of that "athletic costume."

A dinner-party of the contributors to the Dictionary of National Biography has just been held, I read, at the Star and Garter. Notwithstanding the company was composed of antiquaries and learned literary experts, the affair seems to have gone off successfully and without bloodshed. But there must have been serious apprehensions. With the exception of your theologians, there is no class of men so combative, or who are so prompt to deal with those in the same line of business who disagree with them. A modern *antique*, in intaglios, is effected by polishing the cameo with a wheel to which a camel's hair brush is fixed, which gives the appearance of that mellow smoothness which is the result of time; but modern *antiquaries* are not made that way. How I should have liked to see them quenching their literary animosities in the sparkling bowl, and even, perhaps, wishing one another long life!—but I was not invited. The work they met to celebrate was worthy of the compliment. Although repeatedly importuned by literary persons, from the beginning of the century, to undertake this *magnum opus*, publishers have fought shy of it: it was not so easy to fill "an obvious void in literature" of such dimensions, and it was also very expensive. Experience was not in its favour. The *Biographica Britannica*, indeed, had been published, but the cream of its information was in its foot-notes: the names, too, were few and despatched upon at unwieldy length; but it was actually finished—begun in 1747, concluded in 1766—and in that respect had the advantage of its successors. The cost (of production) was not sufficiently "counted," and the profits were discounted. In 1777, Dr. Kippis commenced a second edition of the big, big B; but it stopped at the fifth folio volume, at the beginning of F, sixteen years after its commencement. Its subscribers probably attached a peculiar significance to that initial. In 1842 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge projected a still more ambitious work—a "Universal Biography." It stopped at the seventh volume, still at the letter "A." In 1870 there was another biographical fiasco. The first volume of the present dictionary began in 1885. "D" is actually published, and "E," "F," and "G" are in print. Mr. Leslie Stephen has hitherto accomplished his herculean task at four times the speed of Dr. Kippis, and, like General Grant, he means to go through with it. An idea of the magnitude of his task may be formed from the fact that the fifteen parts already issued contain matter enough to fill forty octavo volumes! The work—which deserves its title of "National" in more than one sense—will be finished in 1897, in fifty volumes.

The late sale of theatrical costumes from the St. James's Theatre had more than a personal interest, and for other than playgoers. The richness of the dresses and their association with their wearers make the large sums they realised by no

means surprising; but what is of more general interest is the contrast which their appropriateness afforded to the stage costumes of old. There was something of Rosalind in her attire, even when its charming wearer was "not in it," and something of Orlando even when hanging over the back of a chair. In old times a great deal was left to the imagination of the spectator in this matter. Dryden is very cynical upon the lack and cheapness of the stage costumes in the Duke of York's company of players:—

Tack but a copper lace to druggist suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute.
And that which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian Emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare."

It is a little difficult, even now, to reconcile the reciter in evening-dress, with nothing to "relieve" it but a glass of water, with the subject of his heroic declamation; but with what must even Garrick have had to contend, when he played Macbeth "with silk stockings, buckles at the foot and knee, powdered wig, and small sword"! The economy of the stage in the matter of the tailor's bill, in those days, must fill a modern manager's heart with envy. The identical coat in which Garrick played Friar, in "Miss in Her Teens," in 1747, was used by Quick as Consul in "Cross Purposes," in 1772. What adds to the strangeness of this thrifty proceeding, the character in the one case was a fop of the highest fashion, and in the other a grave and prudent citizen. Think of Mr. Irving playing Jingle in the costume (a good deal "let out") worn by Charles Kean in "Louis XI."!

The verdict of the public upon the acting of the marionettes in the Italian Exhibition seems to be, "They are clever enough, but one soon has enough of them." It does not seem a very severe one. One knows a good many people (not *exactly* marionettes, but exceedingly like them), and in other callings besides that of the drama, of whom the same may be said. It is surely creditable to a thing of strings and wires that it can amuse a grown-up person even for five minutes. Puppet-playing is an art which, like ballooning (though not, of course, such a high art), does not progress much. In an account of the marionettes of Italy, written by a traveller seventy years ago, he passes the same criticism we hear to-day. He mentions, however, two skeletons as playing their part admirably. "They glided about, and accompanied their hollow-voiced speeches with excellent gesticulations, while their fleshless jaws moved quite naturally." The ballet, too, "danced with the agility of Vestris, and 'cut' much higher than ever he did in his life." The airs and graces of the French ballet-dancers were capitally quizzed; but what delighted the audience most were the Dutchman who took snuff, and his lady, brandy—out of a pocket pistol, between their leaps and bounds. As a medium of satire—a *Punch* on wires—the marionettes have still, perhaps, a future before them; though I suppose if they acted in too lifelike a manner the Lord Chamberlain would be down upon them.

M. Goliffe, a Swiss traveller in Italy at about the same date as the preceding, gives an account of the Passion Play, as performed by marionettes in Naples much as it is done there to-day. The overture was the famous duet of "Tu ti lascio amato bene," in Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto," and it was repeated between the acts. "Whenever our Saviour was about to appear he was announced by a solemn tune; Judas, on the contrary, was heralded by a waltz or an allemande, even when he came to hang himself, and was strangled by a fiend." There was the Last Supper, and the washing of the Apostles' feet, and St. Peter cutting off the soldier's ear—nothing, in short, was omitted; the audience took the deepest interest in the representation, and, so far from being struck by what to us would seem its extreme irreverence, evidently beheld in it an auxiliary to religion.

A legal question has just been settled as to whether or no a certain pew in a parish church was an appurtenance of a country mansion—the decision was against its proprietor, and is doubtless a matter of congratulation upon public grounds; but I confess I am sorry for the loser. I know all that can be said for open sittings, and agree with it; but nothing is more agreeable to its tenants than a roomy old-fashioned family-pew; it makes the same difference to the worshipper that the possession of a private sitting-room makes to the frequenter of hotels. I remember one in the vale of Berkshire, which, as a boy, used to afford me infinite content. It was very large and high, and had a fire-place in it, the supplying of which with coals, so as not to disturb the preacher, was a most delicate operation. I could only see him by standing on the seat, and (what was of much more consequence) he could not see me: I was what good Catholics call "in retreat," and profited by the circumstance. The most interesting account of a pew in fiction is probably to be found in "The Legend of Montrose." Scott is not now read, I fear, by boys; but how I used to delight in that account of Dugald Dalgetty's impatience under the Presbyterian preacher's "sixteenth" and "seventeenth," while he thought of the noble Marquis bound and gagged in the dungeon below, and whether his condition would be discovered before that prodigious sermon was finished. Never, I suppose, even in real life, was discourse listened to with such unappreciating ears.

Apropos of the statement that the Flying Scotsman on Monday accomplished its accelerated journey between London and Edinburgh in four minutes less than the promised eight-and-a-half hours, the following stage-coach bill, published in 1706, will have some interest:—"All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the Black Swann in Holbourne, in London, and to the Black Swann in Coney-street, in York: at both places they may be received in a stage-coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole journey, if God permit, in four days." Each passenger was allowed 14lb. of luggage, "and all above, threepence a pound." And yet there are people, at large, who want the good old coaching days revived!

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in her usual excellent health. According to present arrangements the Court will remain at Windsor Castle until about July 17, removing then to Osborne. After a residence there of five weeks the Queen will proceed to Scotland for three months. June 28 being the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's coronation, the event was celebrated throughout the kingdom, more particularly in the towns which possess Royal associations. There was a special commemorative festival service in Westminster Abbey. The Prince and Princess of Wales took leave of her Majesty and left the castle. The King of the Belgians, attended by Count d'Oultremont, visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Queen held a Council on June 29. The Earl of Lytton and Sir William White were introduced and sworn in members of the Privy Council. After the Council General Mena, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of Mexico, was introduced to the Queen's presence and presented his letter of recall. Viscount Cranbrook, the Earl of Lytton, and the Right Hon. Sir William White had audiences of her Majesty. On June 30 Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) arrived at the castle from Cumberland Lodge. The Bishop of Ripon had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Sunday morning, July 1, the Queen and the Royal family went to Frogmore and attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. Several members of the Royal household were present. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle. The Bishop of Ripon and the Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On July 2 the Duchess of Albany, with her children, arrived at Windsor from Claremont on a visit to the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Marlborough House on June 28 from visiting the Queen at Windsor. The Duc d'Aumale and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall. His Royal Highness was present at the debate in the House of Lords on June 29. The Duke of Teck, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), and Prince Francis and Princess Victoria of Teck, visited the Prince and Princess on June 30, and remained to luncheon. On Sunday, July 1, the Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. On July 2 the Prince visited the Queen at Windsor, dined with her Majesty, and subsequently returned to London. The Prince presided over a meeting of the organising committee of the Imperial Institute at Marlborough House. It was stated that the funds now available, exclusive of subscriptions from the Indian Empire and temporarily invested there, amounted to £310,000. Lord Rosebery, Lord Herschell, and Sir John Rose were appointed trustees for the endowment fund. Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg, and Countess Feodore and Countess Victoria Gleichen lunched with their Royal Highnesses on July 3. The officers past and present of the Rifle Brigade, the Prince Consort's Own, have presented the Prince, their late Colonel-in-Chief, and the Princess with a clock, on the occasion of their Royal Highnesses' "Silver Wedding." Their Royal Highnesses have fixed Tuesday, July 17, for their visit to Islington to open the Great Northern Central Hospital. Prince Albert Victor will open the Beaconsfield sea-wall and promenade at Bridlington on July 19, and will visit Bristol on July 25 to unveil the Jubilee statue of the Queen.

The King of the Belgians left England on June 29.

The Duke of Edinburgh on June 28 paid a visit to the Bologna Exhibition, where he met with a very hearty reception. Next day the Duke arrived in Rome, and in the afternoon King Humbert paid his Royal Highness a visit at the hotel where he is staying. The Duke sailed from Spezia on July 2 with the ironclads Alexandra, Téméraire, and Dreadnought for Naples. The Duchess of Edinburgh has arrived at her summer Palace of Rosenau, near Coburg, which Duke Ernst some time ago placed at her disposal. All her children are with her.

"THE DON."

Academical attire certainly suits our popular comedian. He has been handed down to posterity as an "artful dodger," a steeplechase rider, an old toy-maker in a canvas coat, a waiter, an engine-driver, and a retired soap-boiler; but when did Mr. J. L. Toole appear to greater advantage than as the genial, good-natured, twinkling-eyed "dean of chapels," in his collegiate cap and his Master of Arts gown, otherwise the Rev. Horace Millikin, in "The Don"? Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale, in this amusing picture of modern university life, with its summer commemoration festivities, its flirtations, concerts, garden parties, and cosy teas in the rooms of undergraduates, have managed to fit Mr. Toole to a nicety, and he seems to revel in the anxieties and the perplexities of the simple-minded bachelor Fellow who is entrapped by an artful widow, and, thanks to a scapegrace, is involved in collegiate troubles that would shock the most liberal Warden. It is not only that it is amusing to see Mr. Toole in university habit, but in the course of the play it is seen how cleverly the sketch is introduced, and with what little exaggeration our never-failing comedian caricatures the humours and social idiosyncrasies of university life. Mr. Toole's enthusiastic welcome at both the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford show that "there is no ill-feeling" on the part of the authorities, and that he has been freely forgiven for taking the name of a college tutor in vain. Since these visits the theatre has been crowded with orthodox clergy, headed by Canon Farrar, and with the generous and genial aid by Mr. Toole, in this very play, one more plank has been added to the strong bridge being built between the rival and sometimes antagonistic banks of Church and Stage. Very shortly after Saturday, July 7, Mr. Toole, who has let his pretty little theatre—first to Mr. Lionel Brough, and then to the "Pepita" Comic-Opera Company—will be off on his travels. He will play at Weymouth, Guernsey, and Jersey, and then—after a holiday trip to St. Malo, the principal points of interest in Brittany and Normandy, the bath cure at Aix-les-Bains, and a short visit to Homburg—the popular actor will start on his lengthened provincial tour, and may not be expected back in London with "The Don" until Christmastime. Whenever he returns he will be welcome home again, for London is never at its merriest without the presence of an actor who has done more than any of his companions to make men and women merry, and who, for his deeds of generosity and unselfishness, is universally beloved by friends and public alike. And there is another point that must never be forgotten. Mr. Toole in the whole of his career has never produced a play or spoken a line on the stage that could possibly offend anyone. The old era of Wright and his farcical companions has passed away, and Mr. Toole should have the credit of introducing honest, hearty fun that leaves no unpleasant taste in the mouth. He thoroughly deserves his great popularity and success.

THE "TIMES" AND THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

An action for libel, which is of great political interest, came on for trial, on Monday, July 2, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a Special Jury. It was brought against the *Times* newspaper by Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, formerly M.P. for Dungarvan, who was for some years honorary secretary and vice-president of the Irish Home-Rule Confederation, and one of the Executive of the Irish Land League and of the National League in London. In March, April, May, and June of 1887, a series of articles, entitled "Parnellism and Crime," appeared in the *Times*, charging prominent members of the Home-Rule party with the guilt of direct incitement to outrage and murder, and with "basing their movements on a scheme of assassination, carefully calculated and coolly applied." Particular stress was laid on the circumstance that Frank Byrne, the paid secretary of the Home-Rule Confederation, and subsequently of the Land League and National League at their offices in London, received and sent to Dublin the knives with which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered, on May 6, 1882, in the Phoenix Park; and Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., were stated to have been accompanied by Frank Byrne, on April 10,



Mr. F. H. O'Donnell.

conduct. Byrne was in Mr. Parnell's confidence in 1881, when the 'Invincibles' were founded, and in 1882, when the assassinations were planned."

The plaintiff, Mr. O'Donnell, alleged that these and other passages in the articles of the *Times* were libellous, as imputing to him that he, along with Mr. Parnell and others, were accomplices of Byrne and the other conspirators for the Phoenix Park murders. He claimed £50,000 damages for this libel.

The defendants, the proprietors of the *Times*, denied that the articles complained of had any such meaning with regard to the plaintiff, Mr. O'Donnell, who was not, they said, closely associated with Mr. Parnell and the leading members of his party, and was never admitted to their confidence, or permitted to know their secrets. They did not include the plaintiff among "the trusted few" who might be aware of Mr. Parnell's real object, which was not the re-establishment of an Irish National Parliament, but the complete separation of Ireland from Great Britain. They said that the plaintiff always was, and still is, distrusted by Mr. Parnell and by those closely associated with Mr. Parnell; and that he could not be aware of the extent to which they were mixed up with the instigators and organisers of murders, outrages, and crimes in Ireland and elsewhere. With these reservations as to the meaning of the articles in the *Times*, it was contended that they were not defamatory of Mr. O'Donnell; that they were true in substance and in fact, and that the article of June 17 was only a fair comment on his letter.

The counsel for the plaintiff was Mr. Ruegg; for the defendants, the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, Q.C., Mr. Lumley Smith, Q.C., and Mr. Gwynne James. Mr. Ruegg opened the case, reading the alleged libels and Mr. O'Donnell's letters to the *Times*; after which the first witness he called was Mr. Henry Lucy, who was, from 1881 to 1885, manager of the Parliamentary reporting staff of the *Daily News*, and writer of the summary of Parliamentary debates. He stated that he knew the plaintiff, Mr. O'Donnell, as a member of the Irish Home-Rule Party, and he considered that a libel referring to "Mr. Parnell and his allies" would be a libel on the plaintiff; but there were passages in the articles read which he should not suppose to refer to Mr. O'Donnell. In cross-examination, he was asked respecting the speeches made concerning the Parnellite League by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Trevelyan, in 1881 and 1882; but the Court decided that these could not be put in evidence. Mr. W. A. Roberts, Mr. Joseph Cowen, and Mr. P. Burt, M.P., were examined on the second day of the trial, and gave it as their opinion that Mr. O'Donnell was referred to in the alleged libel. With this evidence the case for the plaintiff closed. In opening the case for the defendants the Attorney-General commented upon the fact that Mr. O'Donnell had not been called, and denied that he was a member of the Irish Land League, against which the *Times*' animadversions were directed. Sir R. Webster said he should call evidence to show the doings of the League in inciting to murder during the years 1879 to 1881. Sir R. Webster, in continuing his speech on the third day, said he would have to refer to one or two other speeches, including one by Mr. Parnell. This was delivered at Ennis. On Sept. 9, 1880, Mr. Parnell said:—"Now what are you to do if a tenant bids for a farm from which his neighbour has been evicted? (Interruption: 'Shoot him!' 'Kill him!'). Now I think I heard someone say, 'Shoot him.' But I wish to point out to you a very much better way, a more Christian, and a more charitable way. When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted you must shun him at the roadside; when you meet him you must shun him in the streets of the town, you must shun him at the shop-counter, you must shun him in the fair and the market-place, and even



Mr. Herbert Gladstone.



Mr. Ruegg opens the case for the Plaintiff.

in meeting Mr. Parnell at Willesden Junction on his way from Ireland to Paris. It was insinuated, apparently, that the officials and leading members, or "a trusted few," of that branch of the National League which was established in England, having its offices in two small rooms at Palace-chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, where Byrne kept the knives and a Winchester rifle and revolvers, were party to the assassination plot.

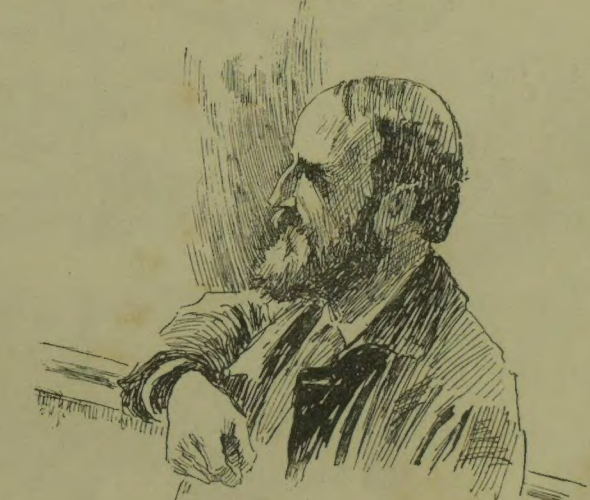
Mr. O'Donnell thereupon wrote a letter to the *Times*, which was published on June 17 last year, denying that he and other "honourable members of that Constitutional organisation" had any complicity in the abominable crimes of Frank Byrne. The *Times* made certain comments on this letter, which showed, as it said, "the extraordinary weakness of the defence set up by Mr. O'Donnell for those of his party who were associated with Byrne before and after the Phoenix Park murders."

It pointed out that in October, 1882, on the motion of Mr. O'Donnell, seconded by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the League expressed its "fullest confidence" in Frank Byrne's "capacity, energy, and honesty"; and it was stated that in January, 1883, Mr. Parnell himself provided the money for Byrne to escape to France. The article proceeded, after further discussion, with these personal references to the plaintiff: "Mr. O'Donnell, however, is fairly entitled to say that his eyes have been opened by later revelations. What requires to be



The first witness, Mr. Lucy.

explained is Mr. O'Donnell's silence upon points as to which he might speak with some authority. Mr. O'Donnell, as we have seen, either knows nothing about the matter, or does not wish to say anything. But Mr. Parnell, at least, cannot plead ignorance. It is plainly inconsistent with his whole course of



Mr. C. S. Parnell.

in the house of worship." Mr. Mally spoke later on in county Mayo, in the presence of Quinn, acting secretary of the Land League, and, referring to landlords, said:—"I am not telling you to shoot, but I am telling you to do it if you like. Only 10s. is required for a gun license for all the year round, but £3 has to be paid for a game license. With the 10s. license they could shoot vermin all the year round." He next referred to a number of letters to show what was passing just before and after the legal suppression of the Land League.

Mr. J. Burlinson has been appointed superintendent of the Great Western Railway, in the room of Mr. G. N. Tyrrell, who resigns his position after forty-six years' service.

The Liverpool Jubilee Memorial Fund Committee have decided to hand over the balance of the fund, amounting to £4400, to the authorities of the Liverpool University College for the erection in connection with the new college buildings of a Jubilee tower, to cost £5000.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prince of Wales, who so judiciously occupies a neutral position as regards Party politics, dropped into his place in the House of Lords on the Twenty-ninth of June in time to hear an important debate on the defences of England. Until the piping times of peace settle in for good, and Boulangers cease from troubling and Bismarck is at rest, it is to be feared invasion "scares" will periodically recur in this country. These alarms are not wholly useless. The hectoring language of certain truculent Gallic Colonels in the time of Napoleon III. created that unexampled instance of pure patriotism, the Volunteer Movement, which has provided us with a strong army of sharpshooters. Some twenty-nine years later, the militant post-prandial speeches of Lieutenant-General Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-General of her Majesty's Forces, have again called public attention forcibly to the question of national defences. In view of the fact that each of the great Powers on the Continent is practically an armed nation, are the naval and military forces of Great Britain sufficiently powerful to repel invasion?

The Earl of Wemyss rose on the present occasion to answer this question after his fashion by moving that, under the circumstances, "this House welcomes the proposal of her Majesty's Government for an increase of our defensive means, and confidently looks to their forthwith taking such further measures as will give ample security to our Empire and just confidence to the country." No one has a greater right than the noble Earl to tackle the subject. As Lord Elcho, he was the life and soul of the Volunteer Movement in the London district. His Lordship concisely expressed his idea of the value of the Volunteers by saying, "There are 200,000 of these serving at the present time, and over a million who have passed through the ranks." But these statistics and others which Lord Wemyss expatiated on are familiar in our mouths as household words. It is open to question whether it was expedient for Lord Wolseley, the illustrious Duke the Commander-in-Chief, and other Peers to join the noble Earl in repeating a more than thrice-told tale. As the Prime Minister aptly reminded Lord Wolseley, after scouting the idea that it was possible for a hundred thousand troops to be transported in one night from the shores of France to the shores of England, "I do not think it is desirable that we should discuss in all its details for the benefit of our neighbours the precise mode in which we expect them to attack us, and in which we intend to defend ourselves; and I should be very grateful if the noble Viscount would use his official knowledge rather to guide us than to correct us." The Marquis of Salisbury occasioned a ripple of sympathetic laughter by adding, in his old ironic style, "I am afraid that if chastisement is the proof of love, the love of the noble Lord overflows all bounds." Henceforward, we may hope that political and administrative chiefs will work in unison to complete our armaments.

The "silver streak" is to remain "involute" yet a little while longer, to use the poetical language of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who is not in the habit of copying the flowery style of the immortal Silas Wegg. On the last Wednesday in June, Sir Edward Watkin received the support of Mr. Gladstone and of 165 votes in moving the second reading of the Channel Tunnel Experimental Works Bill. But the Government and 307 hon. members opposed the measure, which was negatived by a majority of 142. Still, it may be prudent to remember the line of the song which protests that "Nothing is sacred to a sapper."

Mr. Ritchie energetically perseveres with the principal Ministerial measure. By further lightening the Local Government Bill, the right hon. gentleman has made progress. With respect to the vexed question of public-house licenses, the Sunday Closing clause was not got rid of on the Twenty-eighth of June without an edifying triangular duel between Mr. Caine on the one hand and Sir William Harcourt and Sir Wilfrid Lawson on the other. There was a majority of 62 in favour of excluding the clause. Omission of the remaining licensing clauses was then sanctioned. In their anxiety to show the new County Councils the way they should go, hon. members have sought to hamper the forthcoming boards with directions of various kinds, some serviceable, others unnecessary; Mr. Ritchie has done well to consult the metropolitan Conservative members as to the London County Council, and to fall in with the views in favour of adopting the Parliamentary divisions as electoral districts, and granting two members to each. It is satisfactory to know that many trustworthy and experienced administrators on existing vestries, men who have done really valuable work and effected great improvements, will be ready and willing to serve on the first London Council, which is to have its Aldermen, and should be of dignity and weight.

The land question in Wales, and agricultural depression in the Principality, gave rise to an important discussion in the House of Commons on the Twenty-ninth of June. Son of a Merionethshire tenant-farmer, Mr. Thomas Edward Ellis earnestly appealed to the Government to readjust farm rentals in Wales. Mr. Raikes blandly offered Ministerial sympathy. But the motion Mr. Ellis prayed the House to adopt was rejected by 146 against 128 votes.

The reappearance in the House of Mr. James Lowther on the Second of July, proudly escorted by Mr. Akers-Douglas and Mr. W. Lowther, as the new member for the Isle of Thanet, was the occasion of a burst of Ministerial cheering. I need hardly add that the Irish Nationalists indulged in similar cheering at the next day's sitting, when Dr. Fitzgerald took his seat as member for South Longford.

Mr. T. Sexton, M.P., has been nominated by the Dublin Municipal Council for re-election as Lord Mayor of Dublin.

The Australian Cricketers beat the team representing North of England at Manchester by five wickets.

The Flying Scotchman, which on July 2 began running between London and Edinburgh in eight and a-half hours, accomplished the journey in four minutes less than the appointed time.

Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, who commanded the Expeditionary Force at Souakim in 1885, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Bermuda, in place of Lieutenant-General Galloway.

The recent Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall will be the means of contributing a sum of £14,000 to the funds of the Cambridge Hospital for Old and Disabled Soldiers. This sum exceeds by £4000 the amount realised by any previous tournament, and the War Office has now decided that the event shall take place annually and shall be official.

The annual distribution of prizes to the students connected with the Charing-cross Hospital Medical School took place on June 29, in the lecture theatre at Chandos-street. The Rev. the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, presided. The Dean, Dr. Bruce, submitted the annual report, which stated that in the course of the year seventy-four new students had been enrolled, and that at the present time there were 225 in daily attendance.

The Husband-Beater. (Umbrella Plagosa.)

How to carry it.

A problem in Fashion.

Here is a simple & obvious solution, but it is difficult to steer clear of the Drum-Major effect

This is nice & easy, but it's too obstructive: other people want to walk the pavement as well as you

The worst of this notion is that it is uncomfortably suggestive of a tight-rope walker.

You might try it this way — only if you do, little boys will ask you where your barracks are.

This would be all very well — if you were a Bengal Lancer.

There is an impression of incompleteness about this idea it seems to want a board with 'BLIND' on it to finish it off.

If you suspend the thing sword-wise, you will probably get hooted at: besides, you are not a Dragoon.

Nor a Rifle-man:

Nor a torch-bearer.

This idea is certainly not to be encouraged: — are you a lady, or a navvy?

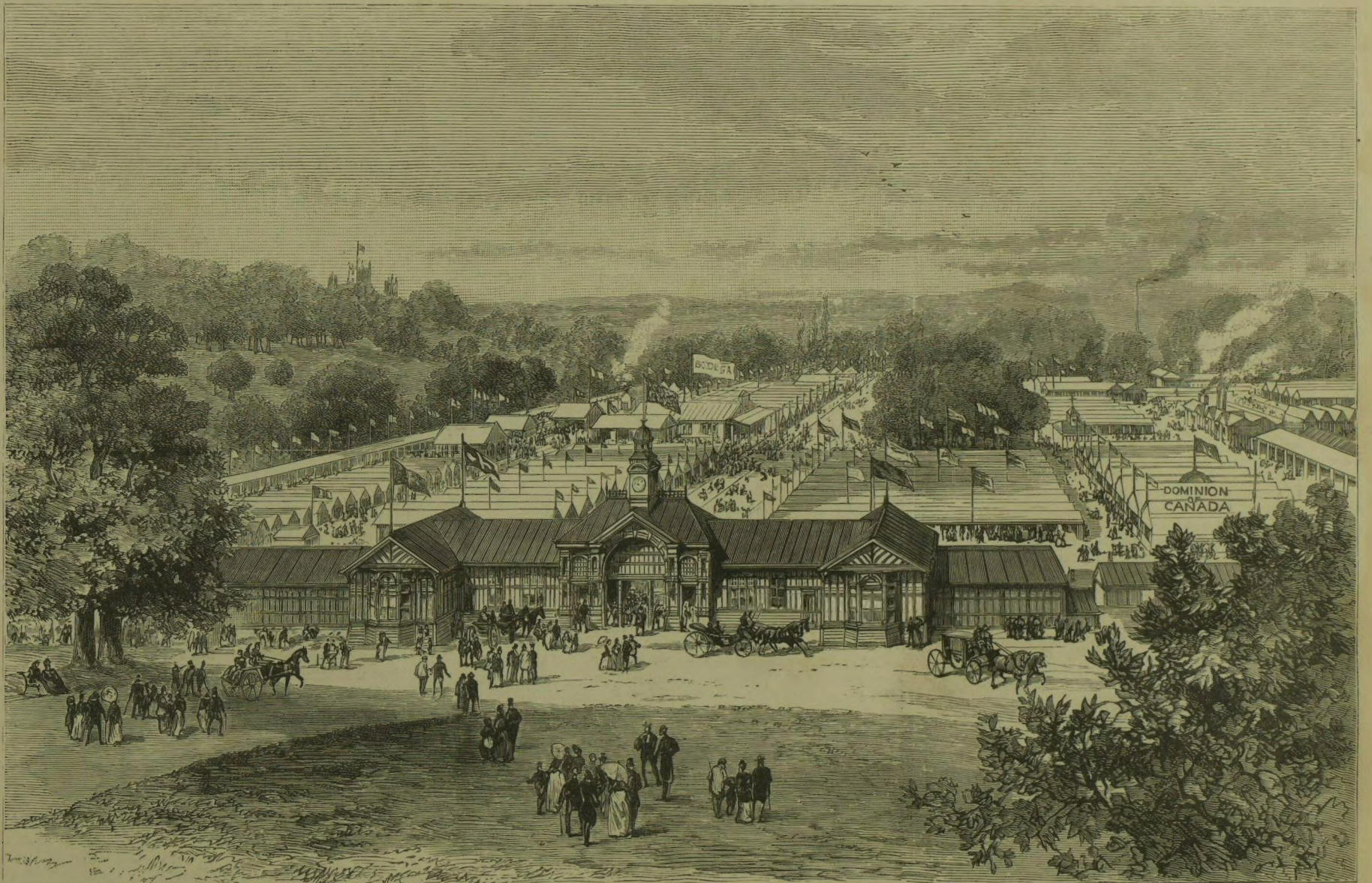
While this recalls somewhat too vividly the familiar action of Punch.

No, we can think of no way out of it but this: you rid yourself of all responsibility, and you make a man look an unutterable fool — always a desirable achievement.

NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



DISTANT VIEW OF NOTTINGHAM.



SHOW-YARD OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, WOLLATON PARK.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

This great celebration at the Crystal Palace closed, as already stated, on Friday, June 29, with a performance of "Israel in Egypt." Our comments on this, and on the second day's programme—the miscellaneous selection—were unavoidably postponed until now. The pieces chosen for the second festival day were well calculated to give an idea of Handel's versatility—a quality for which he has not been sufficiently credited by the public at large, who are generally accustomed to think of him only as a composer of English oratorios. In this respect, doubtless, his grandest genius and highest skill have been pre-eminently displayed; but there are other phases in which, although subordinately, Handel has earned a title to be ranked as one of the greatest composers of the past. His proficiency as a performer on the organ and the harpsichord was acquired at an early age; and although his compositions for the former instrument were suited to the very limited capacities of the English organs of his period and to the volatile taste of the audiences before whom he performed them, his harpsichord music still retains its interest both in point of beauty and science. As a composer for the organ, Handel cannot compare with his great contemporary, Sebastian Bach, who, in his isolated position, wrote up to his own ideal, not as Handel did in his adopted country, to please an unskilled audience that generally preferred prettiness to sublimity. This tendency of the English public of his time (fortunately not that of our own period) was amply proved by the cold reception of some of Handel's sublimest oratorio music—"Israel in Egypt" for instance, which was at first a comparative failure, and was repeated with interpolations of pieces from other sources made by Handel himself; and his concertos for the organ performed by him. That selected for the second day of the week of the Handel Festival just closed was No. 7 in B flat. This florid piece of organ music was very skilfully executed by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool. Several other pieces in the selection programme were on this occasion given for the first time at a Handel Festival, and these we shall first refer to. Madame Trebelli sang the fine "Invocation" from "Esther," which was followed by the chorus "He comes" (from the same oratorio). The well-known air "Total eclipse" was rendered by Mr. B. McGuckin, followed by the chorus "Oh, first created beam." "Belshazzar" furnished the fine chorus "Ye tutelary gods." In the second part, the stately saraband from the opera of "Almira" (the original of the aria "Lascia ch'io pianga") was another festival novelty, as were the "Calumny" chorus from "Alexander Balus;" the aria (from "Ottone") "Del minacciar," sung by Mr. Santley; and the air (assigned to Mr. McGuckin), "When two fond hearts," from "Deidamia;" the programme closing with two choruses and the air "Guardian angels" from "The Triumph of Time and Truth;" the solo having been expressively sung by Madame Albani, who had previously given the more familiar "Let the bright seraphim" with brilliant effect (the trumpet obbligato of Mr. McGrath having been a feature); and the aria "Ombra mai fu" from "Serse." Other items of the selection that have before been associated with festival and other performances require mere mention. Mr. McGuckin in "Waft her, angels" (with the recitative); Mr. Lloyd in "Call forth thy powers" and "Love in her eyes;" Mr. Santley in "Honour and arms;" Madame Nordica in "So shall the lute and harp" and "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir;" and Madame Trebelli in "Lascia ch'io pianga," gave effect to the respective pieces, the orchestra having been heard specially in the "occasional" overture, and the violins thereof (upwards of 200) in a wonderfully consentaneous performance of the sonata in A. One or two familiar choruses were included in the programme, which was preceded by the "Coronation Anthem" given after the "National Anthem." Miss E. Squire should be mentioned as having rendered efficient co-operation with Mesdames Nordica and Trebelli in the trio (with chorus), "See the conquering hero."

Brief notice of the closing performance—"Israel in Egypt"—will suffice; first reference being made to the choruses, on account of their being the pervading features of the oratorio, and also because—as before observed—the choral effects are necessarily those for which the vast area of the Crystal Palace is best suited. In the grand series of movements for single and double choir presented by "Israel in Egypt," Handel's capacity for the realisation of religious sublimity and dramatic expression in music is found at its highest. Nowhere—not even in "The Messiah"—is there anything finer than the choral music of "Israel," the effect of the stupendous choruses in which, as given at a Handel Festival, cannot be imagined by those who have had no experience thereof. Among the many profound impressions produced by them on the closing day of this year's celebration may be particularised those which attended the magnificent rendering of "He spake the word," the "Hailstone" chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," "But as for His people," the several masterly movements ending the first part, the wondrous double choruses of the second part including the triumphant climax. The soprano solo music was divided between Madame Valleria and Miss A. Marriott, Madame Patey having been the contralto and Mr. Lloyd the tenor. This gentleman's admirable delivery of the declamatory air "The enemy said" was a special feature. The duet for two basses, "The Lord is a man of war," was assigned to Mr. Bridson and Mr. Brereton. The names of the several solo vocalists sufficiently indicate the general efficiency of their performances.

The musical arrangements have been on a scale of grandeur fully equal to that of past celebrations; a body of instrumentalists and chorists was assembled, consisting of nearly 4000 executants, the effects having been enhanced by the gigantic organ erected in the Handel Orchestra, manipulated by Mr. Eyre, organist to the Crystal Palace. Here fresh recognition must be made of the admirable chorus-singing throughout the festival. Such a result might seem almost impossible of attainment from so vast a choral body; certainly nothing like it had been realised at any previous celebration. Long preparation, and the importation of a large number of fresh voices exercised an important influence.

In conducting the performances, Mr. Manns has again proved his exceptional fitness for the arduous task which he first essayed at the festival of 1883, when suddenly replacing Sir M. Costa, who was disabled by the illness that soon afterwards terminated fatally. Apart from the high musical interest of these festivals, the admirable arrangements for the comfort and security of visitors have always been subjects for remark. A large number of gentlemen acting as honorary stewards greatly facilitated the placing of the audience, who were directed to their respective localities by conspicuous placards corresponding with the indications on the tickets. A strong police force is another important feature of these occasions, which pass off with a freedom from confusion or disturbance truly remarkable in such enormous gatherings. Recognition is also due to Mr. Henshaw Russell, the manager, and Mr. William Gardiner, the secretary, for the facilities and courtesies rendered by them for reporting purposes. The occasion has been eminently successful; upwards of 86,000 visitors having attended during the festival.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The production of Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico" (the Italian version of his "Die Zauberflöte"), could, owing to great pressure on space, but be barely mentioned until now. The opera was the last of Mozart's stage compositions, having been composed in 1791, and first performed, at Vienna, in September of that year, but a few weeks before his death. The libretto, originally in German, is a curious jumble of masonic mysteries and magical absurdities, that would have been sufficient to have killed music of less beauty. Intended to strike the popular ear so as to revive the fallen fortunes of the theatre of Shickaneder, a buffo actor, who furnished the book and sustained the character of Papageno, the many exquisite melodies of "Die Zauberflöte" were soon heard all over the civilised world. The Italian version, "Il Flauto Magico," was first given in London in 1811, at the opera-house in the Haymarket, then known as the King's Theatre, and has retained its musical charm here, as elsewhere, in spite of its libretto. The work is not always easily presentable, on account of the difficulty of the music assigned to the character of Astrifammante, the Queen of Night, written for a particular singer of the day possessed of a soprano voice of exceptionally high compass. The character just specified was sustained in the representation now referred to by Miss Ella Russell, who sang the difficult music with much brilliancy. A character of more importance, both dramatically and musically, is that of Pamina, who has music of pathos and sentiment to sing instead of the mere bravura roulades and show passages belonging to the Queen of Night. Madame Minnie Hawk as Pamina gave full effect to the several passages of tenderness and passion, and threw genuine earnestness of expression into the part, that was in strong contrast to the absurdity of the surroundings. Tamino, the tenor, is not dramatically interesting, but has some charmingly melodious music to sing, and this was well rendered by Signor Ravelli, with a good sostenuto style in accordance with the requirements of the music. In the small part of Papagena Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldson sang and acted with liveliness and piquancy, and Signor Del Puente, as Papageno, rendered the music and the farcical character with excellent judgment and discretion. Signor Novara (vice M. E. De Reszké, indisposed) gave the grand music of Sarastro with impressive effect, and was especially successful in the aria "Qui sdegno." Signor Rinaldini was (as often before) efficient as Monostatos; the incidental passages for the three attendants of the Queen of Night and the three Genii were well sung by Mdles. Dotti, Desvignes, Bauermeister, and L. Lablache, and Madame Scalchi (this lady having been a member of each trio), and subordinate parts were sufficiently well filled. The stage accessories were as elaborate and splendid as usual under Mr. Harris's management. The interpolated ballet was an innovation that might well have been spared. Mr. Randegger conducted.

The next specialty of Mr. Augustus Harris's remarkable season was announced for Thursday, July 5, when Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell" was to be produced—too late, of course, for present notice.

The present series of the Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall is within one performance of its close. At the eighth concert, on July 2—a concerto by Bach, for three oboes, bassoon, two horns, solo violin, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso—was introduced for the first time here. The term "concerto" formerly meant a concerted piece for several or many instruments; not as now, a piece for the special display of the skill of one performer (perhaps two, or three), with the accompaniment of others. Bach and Handel both produced many works of the former description. That now referred to consists of three movements, and is characterised by the dignity and antique grace which so largely prevail in Bach's music. The solo violin part was played by Mr. E. Schiever. The vocal music consisted of the closing scene of the first act of Wagner's "Siegfried," the declamatory passages in which for the title-character were finely declaimed by Mr. E. Lloyd, those for Mime having been assigned to Mr. W. Nicholl. The important orchestral details were excellently realised by the fine band conducted by Dr. Hans Richter, full justice having also been rendered to the other items of the programme:—Weber's overture to "Oberon," that by Mendelssohn to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Beethoven's Symphony (No. 7) in A.

Otto Hegner, the extraordinary young pianist, gave a farewell recital at St. James's Hall on June 28, when his performances were of the same remarkable excellence as on previous occasions.

Among recent miscellaneous concert announcements have been those of Mr. John Thomas (the well-known harpist), Mdles. M., C., F., and E. Eissler (violinist, harpist, and pianists), Miss E. Barker (an esteemed vocalist), Signor Chiostrì, Madame Zagury (Court singer to the King and Queen of Portugal), Mrs. Cunah, Herr Von Czeke, Mr. W. Ganz (the eminent pianist and conductor), Miss E. Sturmfels and Mr. A. Napoleon (accomplished pianists), the Hyde Park Academy of Music, Signor De Cristofaro, and Mr. R. Stuart's Chopin recital.

The special festival service at Westminster Abbey on June 28—in celebration of Coronation Day—included some important musical features. A collection was made in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital.

The Canadian team for Wimbledon arrived at Liverpool on July 1 by the mail-steamer Sarmatian, from Quebec.

The Association of Original Engravers, heretofore known as the Society of Painter-Etchers, is to be henceforth entitled "The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers."

The Kennel Club's summer dog-show has been held in the picturesque grounds of the Ranelagh Club, Barnes. The large number of 1400 was entered, including exhibits from the kennels of the Prince of Wales, Prince Francis and Princess Victoria of Teck, and Prince Albert Solms.

At the great lamp exhibition recently concluded at St. Petersburg, the Imperial Technical Society have awarded their gold medal to the Defries Safety Lamp and Oil Company for the "manufacture of durable and safely-constructed lamps burning satisfactorily kerosine or heavy oils," this being the only award of the kind made, and the fifth such honour given to the celebrated Defries' Safety Lamps.

The literary services Mr. Clement Scott has rendered to the theatre as a dramatic critic for the past twenty-five years are about to be recognised in a pleasant fashion. What the *World* terms the "professional silver wedding" of this brilliant writer is to be celebrated by a dinner in his honour at the Arts Club, at which the *élite* of the theatrical profession will, no doubt, be present.

At the Crystal Palace on July 3 the eighty-second anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School, in which the children of decayed or deceased victuallers are maintained and educated, was held under the presidency of Mr. A. H. Bevan, of the firm of Barclay and Perkins. The firm of Barclay and Perkins gave 500 gs., and the chairman, whose list amounted to £2500, gave 100 gs. In the whole about £6000 was obtained as the result of the festival.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Opinions differ widely on the subject of the new play at the Strand Theatre. The majority of the experts will have nothing to do with Mrs. Coffin's half-comic, half-pathetic domestic drama, "Run Wild"; they think it exaggerated, crudely done, and improbable; and do not hesitate to say that the leading character does not suit Mr. Willie Edouin at all, and that in it he is quite out of his element. The minority, however, dive below the surface: they detect in the drama a human ring; they extract from it a measure of consolation; and they desire to see the chief character played by Mr. Edouin when he is master of his emotions and can do some sort of justice to a very admirably-written and correctly-conceived character. Mr. Edouin is not the first comic actor who has essayed a part that departs from the regions of broad farce. He has an essentially funny personality no doubt, an elastic countenance, a droll manner, a nature redolent of humour. People cannot conceive the possibility of a purely burlesque actor turning himself into a man who can at turns be as serious as he is funny. But, after all, laughter and tears are near neighbours. Robson, inimitable in burlesque, was more excellent still in "The Porter's Knot" and "Daddy Hardacre"; Mr. Toole can be excruciatingly funny in farce and delightfully pathetic as Caleb Plummer. Mr. David James set the Strand and the Vaudeville in a roar in the wildest extravaganza, and drew tears from his audience as well as laughter in "Apple Blossoms" and "Our Boys." Why, then, should not the author of "The Heathen Chinese" represent and understand this delightful, good-natured, tender-hearted Mr. Parker, who is courteous, deferential, and respectful to the woman who insults him and galls the better part of his nature. The essence of this play is contained in a memorable stanza from "In Memoriam":—

Oh! yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of Nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

A good-hearted man, free from prejudice, and essentially noble in nature, can, with the assistance of his generous daughter, subjugate and win over to a higher humanity the worldly wife and the unnatural son. That is all. The theme is very simple, but it is effective. It is a picture that must come home to the audience, for it is truthfully if unskilfully painted, and, take it for what it is worth, there is not much more improbable about it than the scenes of real life in "Our Boys." Had Mrs. Coffin possessed the knowledge of the stage acquired by Mr. H. J. Byron, and his skill in word-play, the theme of her drama would have been by no means inferior to that enormously successful work. On the occasion of the first performance, Mr. Edouin manifestly did not do himself justice. He was "all abroad," as they say, and made others as nervous as himself. But he read the part admirably, and eventually, with practice, he will act it just as well. The personation of the "stuck up" wife was an admirable piece of true art by Miss Susie Vaughan. It would be difficult to find any fault with it in tone, style, or colour. And there were innumerable other parts well acted: an impudent London man-servant, by Mr. Chevalier; a young, impulsive lad, by Mr. Fawcett; a generous youth, by Mr. B. Webster; a pretty, bouncing girl, by Miss Grace Huntley; and, to the delight of the audience, Miss Alice Atherton was present to play the gay, excitable child of Nature who, reared in the wilds of Connemara, comes to take London by storm, and to brighten domestic gloom with her fresh and breezy manner. As such, the sweet sister makes an admirable contrast to her "unlicked cub" of a brother, one of the most disagreeable characters ever written, but one boldly attacked and conscientiously carried out by Mr. Harry Eversfield. He never flinched, and bore his artistic punishment like a man. Actors should be congratulated on these acts of self-denial, for plays of contrast will be impossible if actresses refuse to play ugly women, or if actors shy at bad young men. There is too much disposition on the stage to carry private characters on to the boards. "Oh! if I play that part," says Miss Footlights, "they will think me just as bad." "But if I really play that part well," says young Tyro, "they will think me a horrid cad." Extend the argument, and the actress may be made out a poisoner and the actor a murderer, in fact and deed. Mr. Eversfield plays young Parker with great skill.

AT HENLEY REGATTA.

Fine Midsummer weather only is needed to make the annual meeting for the Thames boating men and their numerous friends and admirers, on that pleasant part of the river below the town of Henley, one of the most delightful entertainments of the season. We are unable to say, at this time of writing, that Henley Regatta has been favoured with a bright and rainless sky, and with long hours of sunshine and dry sitting on the green-sward of parks and meadows. If it should be so, as we hope it may be, the agreeable scene depicted by our Artist will have been realised, no doubt, in many places along the river-banks, where cheerful parties of companions for the day will have awaited the most interesting races, not without much collateral pastime in sociable talk, in temperate luncheon, and even in the diverting ordeal of consultation with an artful old fortune-teller, who pretends to reveal to a young lady the complexion, position, and character of her predestined lover. The young man who lies at her feet, anxiously watching in her face the effect of this momentous prediction, is probably more interested in its result than in that of any of the aquatic contests on the Thames.

Major-General E. H. Clive, Commandant of the Staff College, is to be Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

Earl Compton, Sir Charles Warren, Sir J. Parker Deane, Q.C., and the Hon. T. Alhutt Brassey have become vice-presidents of the Bethnal-green Free Library.

Lady Magheramorne, who was accompanied by Lord Magheramorne, on June 30 laid the foundation-stone of a new parish church at Hornsey.

Colonel Paley, of Cantley Hall, Doncaster, has presented the Rev. Canon Fleming with an organ for the new church of St. Philip, Buckingham Palace-road, at a cost of £1100.

The Rev. J. H. Bernard, Junior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, has been elected by the Board of Fellows to Archbishop King's lectureship, as successor to Archdeacon Gwynne, appointed Regius Professor of Divinity.

An exhibition of works executed in trades and in the recreative evening classes in connection with St. Andrew's Home and Club for Working Boys, was opened on June 30 by the Duchess of Buccleuch at the Home, 30, Great Peter-street, Westminster.

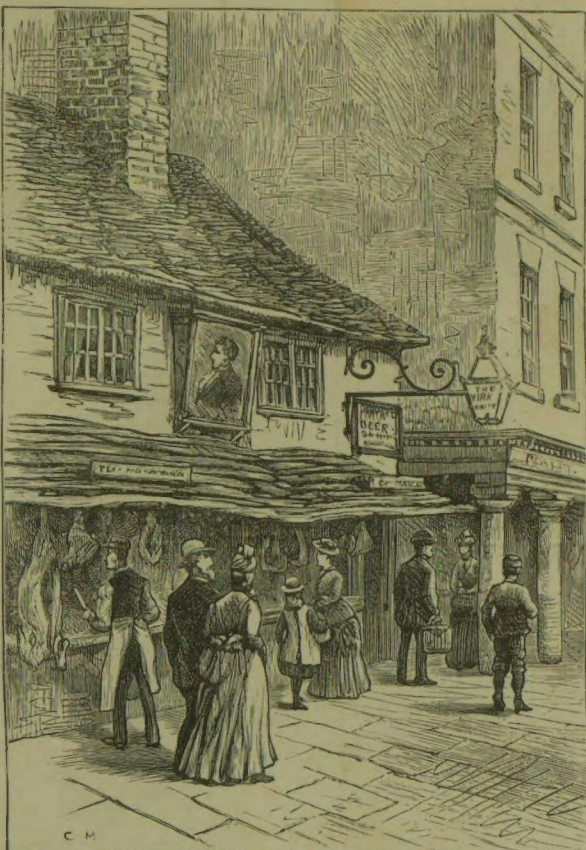
The Government of Victoria having asked her Majesty's Government to send out an inspector of schools as a Commissioner on Education in connection with the Centennial Exhibition at Melbourne, the Rev. R. Wilde, of Westbourne, Ensworth, inspector of the south-western district, has been selected for the appointment.

NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

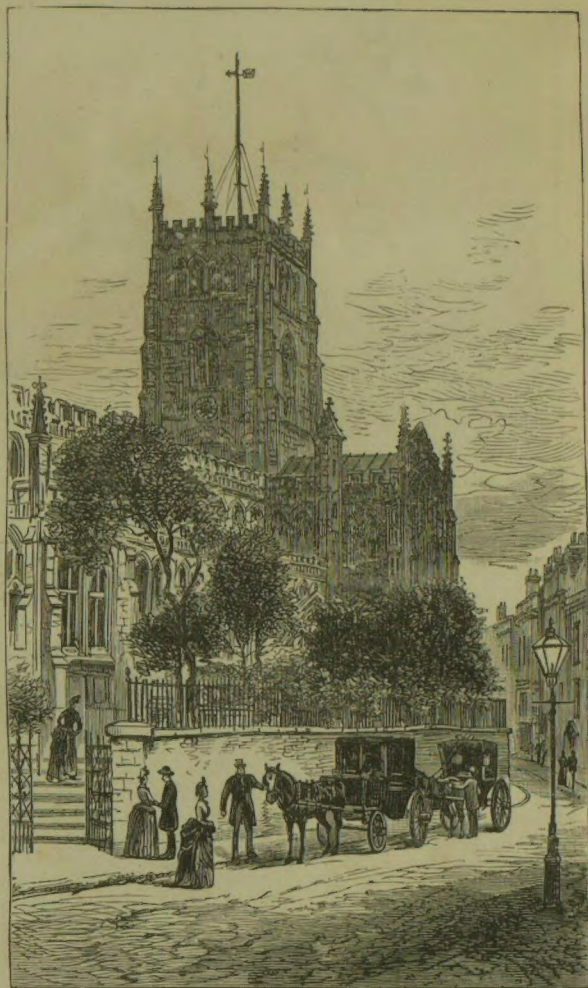
The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, this week, at Nottingham, though not favoured, as was hoped, with the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is likely to be successful; and our Illustrations of that interesting town and neighbourhood will be appreciated by many readers. Nottingham, with its hosiery and lace manufactures and sundry other trades; with its population, including the suburbs and neighbouring industrial villages, of a hundred and twenty thousand, is one of the most important towns in the English Midlands. It is a place of much note in English history; and the supposed derivation of its name from a Saxon word meaning that its primitive inhabitants, ancient Britons, dwelt in caves of the rock, suggests a curious contrast between its condition now and in ages past. The rock, of soft red sandstone, with its caves of artificial formation, rises visibly



BIRTHPLACE OF KIRKE WHITE.

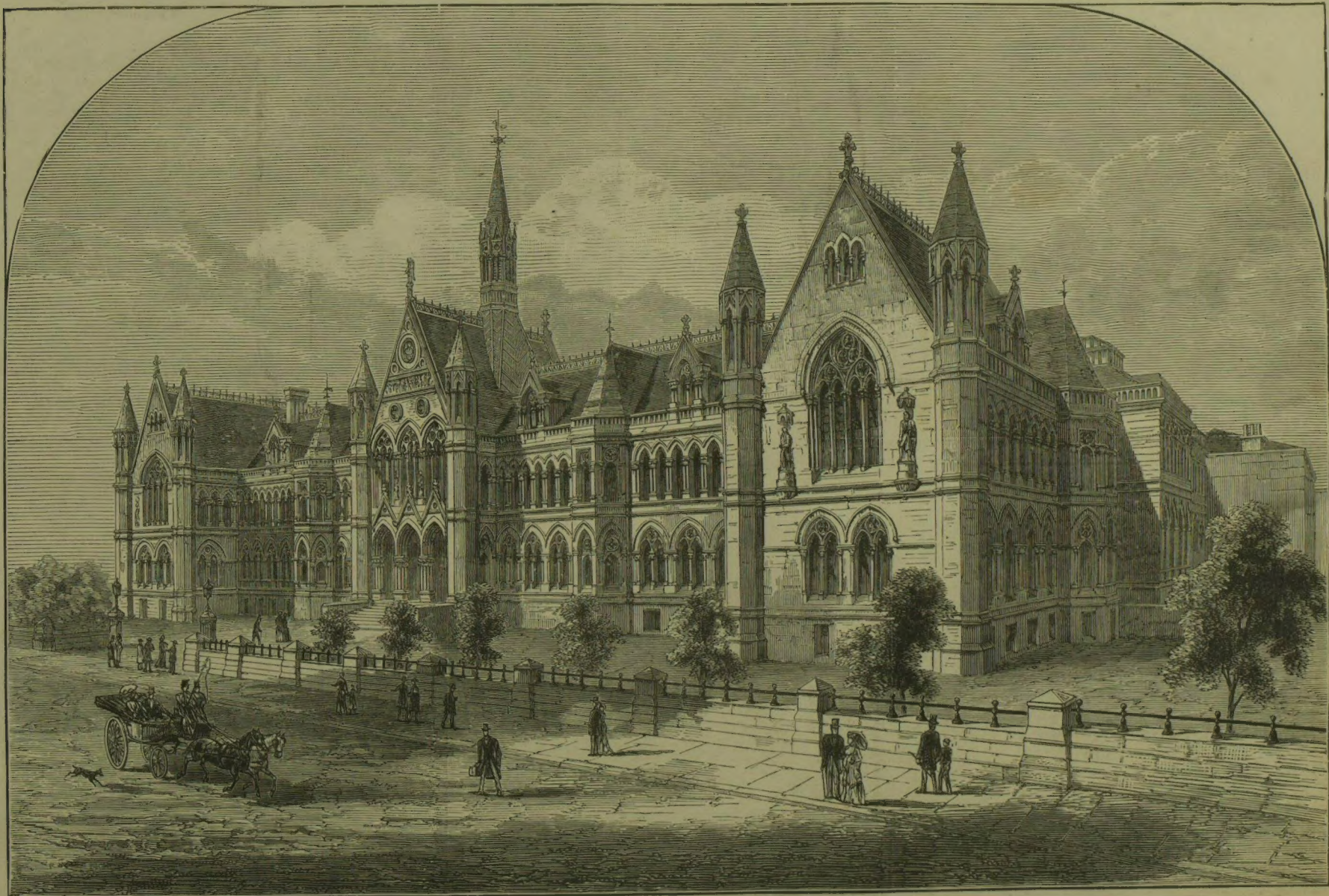
enough on the north side of the broad valley of the Trent, nearly a mile from the bank of that river, and a stream called the Leen flows at its foot.

On the summit of this caverned cliff, in the time of the Norman Conquest, William De Peverel built his castle, which became the property of the Crown under Henry II. It was enlarged and strengthened by the Plantagenet Kings, who often visited it, sometimes held their Parliaments here, and occasionally fought for its possession, as when the rebel John, in 1194, stood a siege of the castle against his brother Richard. They used it also for a State prison; the twenty-four Welsh hostages were put to death here in 1212; the traitor Mortimer, in 1330, was here captured by Edward III.; David, King of Scotland, was imprisoned here in 1346; and this place of confinement admitted a Speaker of the House of Commons, and a Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, who were punished for denying the absoluteness of Royal prerogative in the fourteenth century. It was at Nottingham, in 1485, that Richard III.



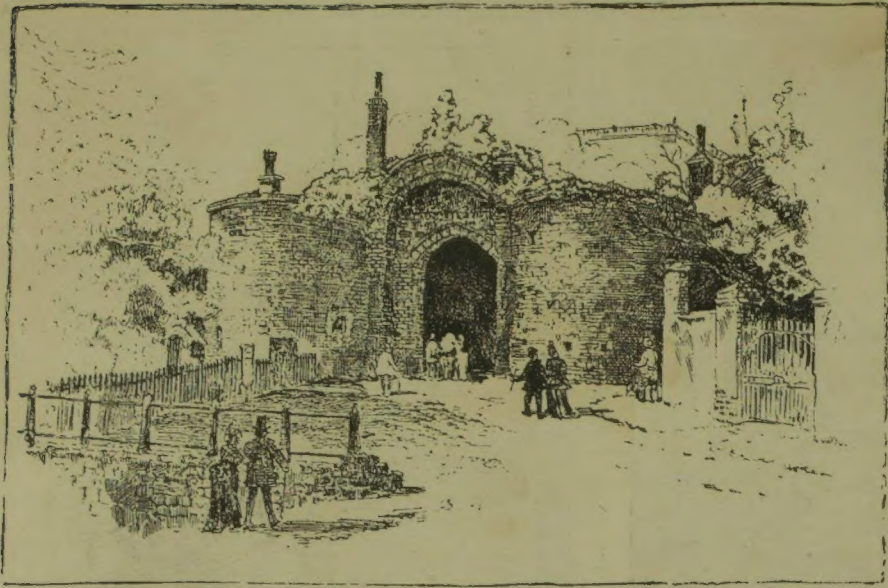
ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

mustered his army for the Battle of Bosworth; it was at Nottingham again, in 1642, that Charles I. raised his standard for the Civil War against the English Parliament. In that war, after the occupation of the Castle by the Parliamentary forces, it was bravely defended by the garrison under Colonel Hutchinson; after that war the fortress was demolished, like many others. Its site was granted by Charles II. to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who sold it to the first Duke of Newcastle. A stately mansion was built there, the modern Nottingham Castle, belonging to successive Dukes; but in 1831 it was burnt down by a mob of rioters during the Reform Bill

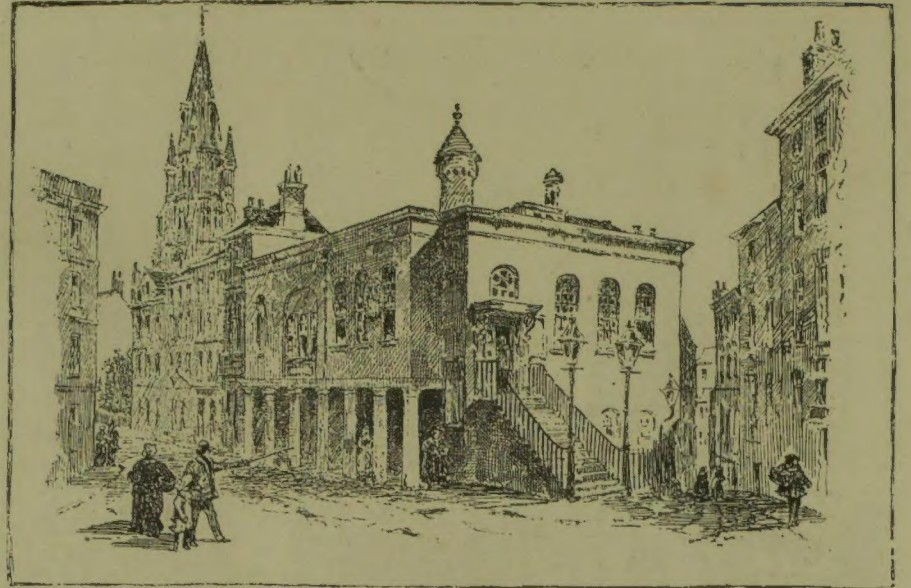


NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

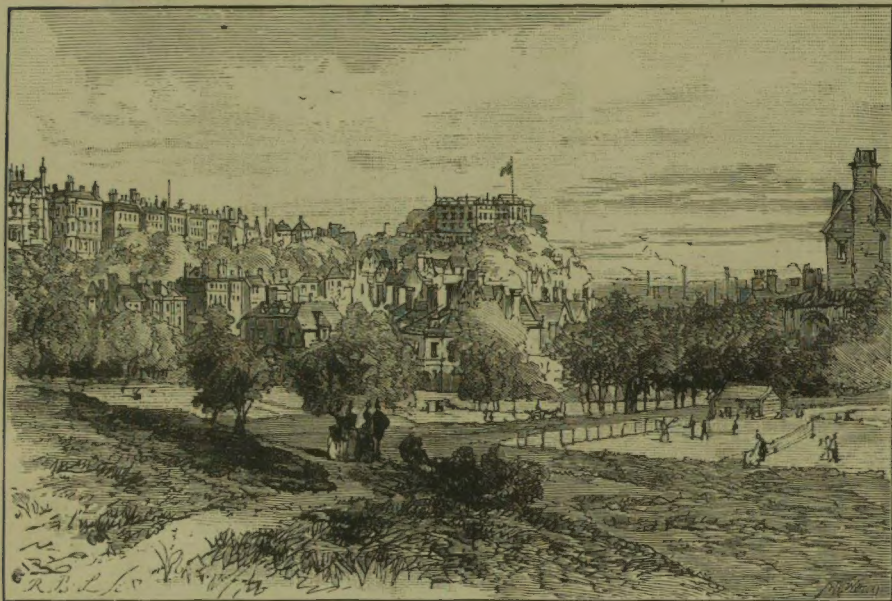
NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



OLD GATEWAY, NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.



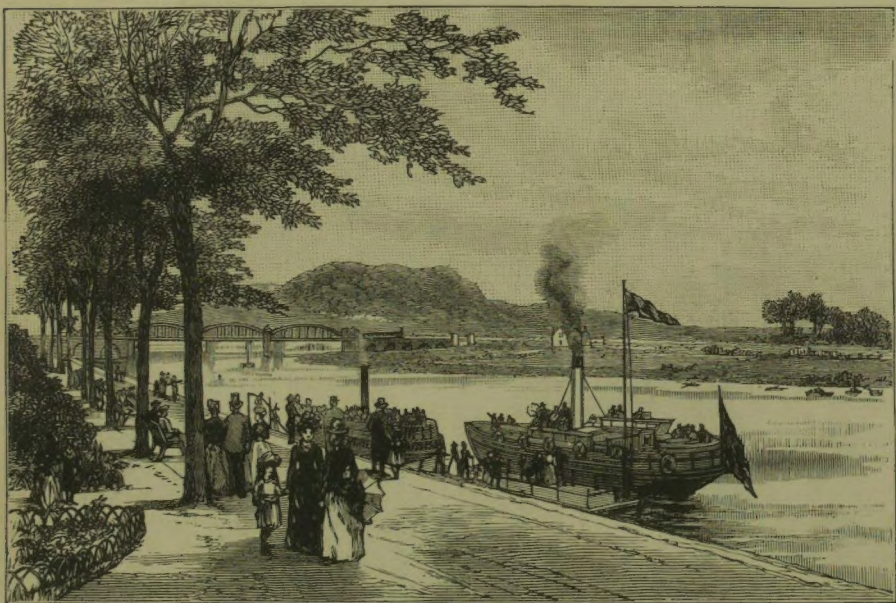
OLD GUILDHALL.



THE PARK.



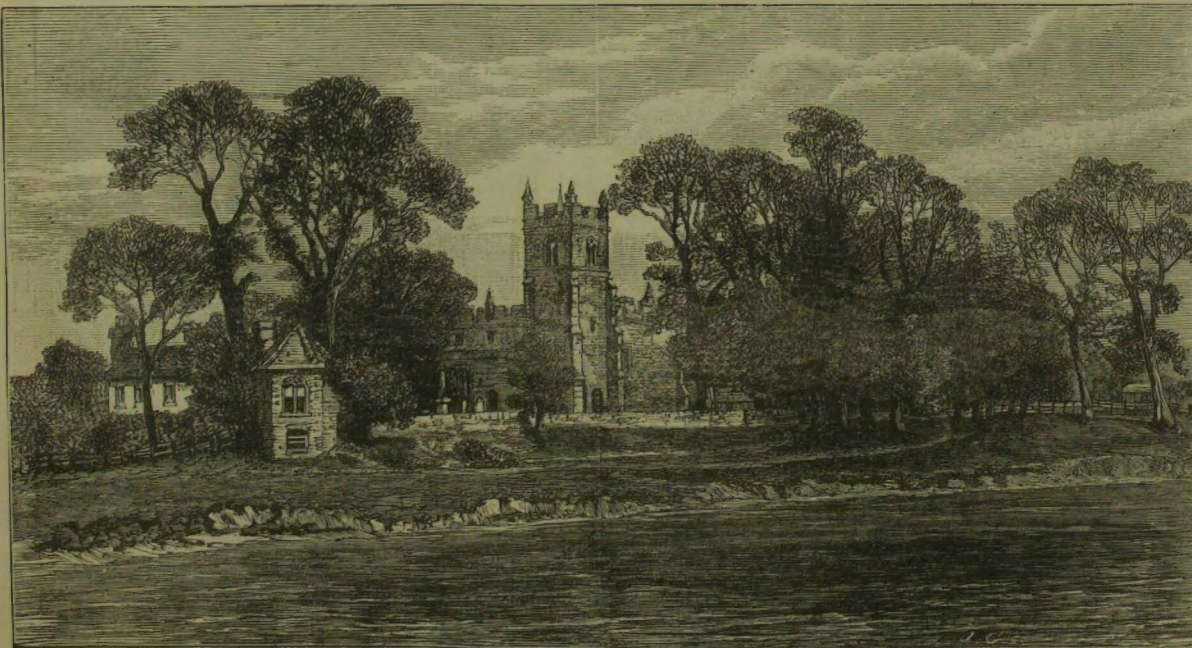
LENTON BOULEVARD.



THE PROMENADE, FROM TRENT BRIDGE.



THE TRENT AT WILFORD, LOOKING TOWARDS CLIFTON GROVE.



WILFORD CHURCH.

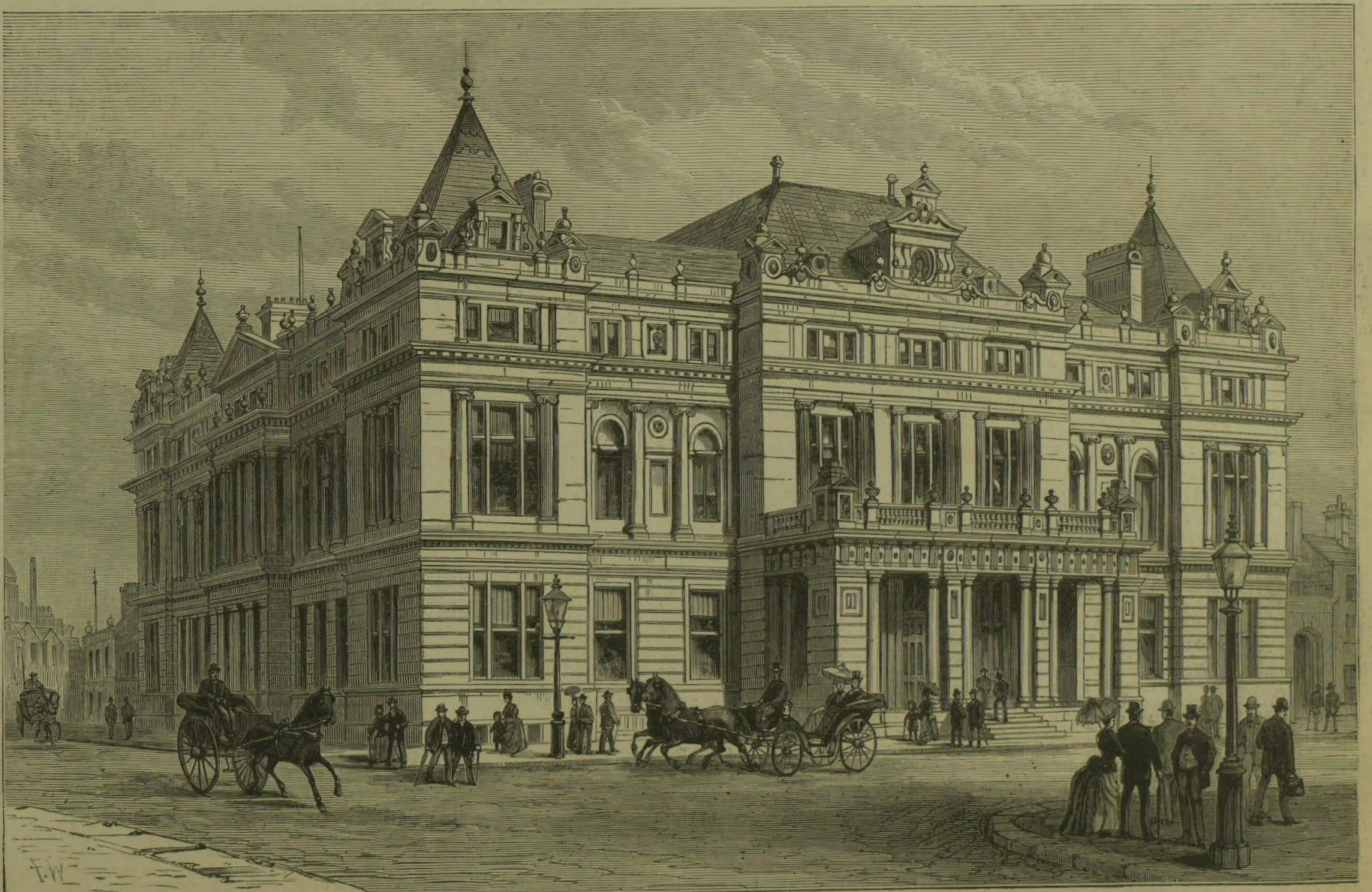


ENTRANCE GATEWAY, WOLLATON PARK.

NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



THE MARKET-PLACE, NOTTINGHAM.



THE NEW TOWNHALL, NOTTINGHAM.

agitation. Most of the adjacent park is now built over; a public Museum and Gallery of Art, and the drill-hall of the Nottinghamshire (Robin Hood) Rifle Volunteers, have been established on this site. The gatehouse or barbican of the ancient castle, much altered, and some fragments of walls and bastions, are the only remnants of considerable antiquity—that is to say, aboveground; but there are subterranean caverns and passages, one called "Mortimer's Hole," through which Edward III., with Sir William De Eland and his band of men-at-arms, is said to have entered to surprise Mortimer in the Keep of the Castle.

The town, which held its charter as a corporate borough seven centuries ago, and has elected its Mayor and Aldermen since the later Plantagenet reigns, owed its prosperity at first to the weaving of woollen cloth, and to fine iron manufactures, the skill of its smiths being noted in an old proverb. Its great Market-place, a triangular space of nearly six acres, with wooden colonnades in front of some of the shops, has an old-fashioned air; at one end is the Exchange Hall, a handsome building. Three old parish churches, St. Mary's, St. Peter's, and St. Nicholas', claim precedence over a dozen or twenty of more recent date. St. Mary's is a large cruciform edifice of Perpendicular Gothic architecture, the better part of it constructed in the fifteenth century; its most commanding feature is the high and broad central tower at the intersection of the nave by the transepts. The south porch, of earlier Decorated Gothic style, is said to have belonged to the neighbouring Priory of Lenton, and its stones to have been removed thence and rebuilt as part of this church. The interior, which measures 216 ft. in length of nave, choir, and chancel, 97 ft. in length of the transepts, and 67 ft. in width of nave and aisles, is lighted by unusually large windows; it has been carefully restored, and is adorned with sculpture, paintings, and stained glass. St. Peter's Church, with its lofty tower and spire, is perhaps rather older than St. Mary's, but has undergone more alterations. The old church of St. Nicholas, being too near the Castle, was entirely destroyed in the siege of Nottingham in 1647; the church was rebuilt in 1671, of red brick, with a plain square tower, and was enlarged in the last century. Among the finest new churches is that of All Saints, near the Arboretum, built at the cost of Mr. Windley, silk manufacturer. St. Barnabas', the Roman Catholic Cathedral, one of Pugin's best works, owes its construction to the late Earl of Shrewsbury.

The new public buildings dedicated to civil and secular purposes have added much to the dignity of the aspect of Nottingham. An example of this may be observed by comparing the new Townhall with the old Guildhall, as shown in our Illustrations; or by reference to the new University College building. The County Hall and Assize Courts, the Mechanics' Institute, the General Hospital, the Free Grammar School, and other institutions, are worthy of Nottingham. Improvements are changing the appearance of the old streets. A rather humble subject of one of the Artist's Sketches, the house partly occupied by a licensed beershop and partly by a butcher's shop, is associated with the name of Henry Kirke White, the Nottingham poet, who was born in this house in 1785. His early promise of genius, and his passion for learning, attracted the notice of friends, who released him from a clerkship in an attorney's office and placed him at St. John's College, Cambridge. His premature death, in 1806, was noticed by Lord Byron in a pathetic passage of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

To those who have read either Kirke White's poems, or the poems of another native of Nottingham, still living—Mr. Henry Sutton—the pleasant riverside scenery of Wilford, and of Clifton Grove, will be familiar in their imagination. We remember, also, in some of the writings of the late William and Mary Howitt, who long resided at Nottingham, agreeable descriptions of the banks of the Trent near that town. Wilford, a mile and a half from Nottingham, to the south-west, is a pretty rural village with an old church surrounded by fine elm-trees; in the church is a memorial stained-glass window, also a tablet medallion portrait, the gift of admirers of Kirke White. "Wilfrid Boat," the well-known ferry, of which Henry Sutton wrote his verses forty years ago, takes passengers across to the opposite bank. Two miles higher up the river is Clifton, with its "Grove," a beautiful avenue of fine old trees more than a mile long; and with its romantic cliff and deep ravine, down which the "Fair Maid Margaret," who broke her oath to a lover and caused his death by her infidelity, was hurried by remorse, or by fiends, as the grim old legend says, to her doom in the avenging river. The Clifton family, knights and baronets, have been seated at Clifton ever since the reign of Henry III.; and the village, its fine old church filled with their tombs, the plain old Hall, the almshouses and cottages embowered in foliage, standing amidst verdant meadows, are thoroughly characteristic of English country life.

In the immediate vicinity of the town, Nottingham is favoured with the possession of agreeable suburban places of recreation. The public garden styled the Arboretum, on the north side, is tastefully laid out; beyond it lie the Church Cemetery, portions of forest-land called "Robin Hood's Chace," and "the Coppices," with St. Anne's Well. In the rock that overhangs the Leen, not far from the Castle, are the hewn-out caverns which have got the name of "The Papists' Holes," from having been occupied as hermits' cells in the Middle Ages, but which are believed to be of much more ancient origin. The Lenton road or boulevard, skirting the Park west of the Castle, is a favourite promenade. Farther west of the town is the village of Wollaton, with the grand old Elizabethan Hall and Park of the Willoughby family and of Lord Middleton. The showyard of the Royal Agricultural Society will be found in this direction.

The clock-tower erected at the bottom of Queen's-road, Brighton, at the charge of Mr. James Willing, as a Jubilee memorial, was formally unveiled on June 28, and handed over to the municipal authorities. It has been built from designs by Mr. John Johnson, and is an ornament to the town. The clock, manufactured by Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, has four dials five feet in diameter, made of transparent opal, so as to admit of illumination by night. There are no bells, but at every hour a ball at the summit rises and descends by hydraulic pressure. Upon the base of the tower are medallions of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Shortly before one o'clock the Mayor and Mayoress, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir Robert Peel, and a number of townsmen, with Mr. James Willing, appeared on the spot. The houses around were gaily decorated and the large space outside the barrier was filled with spectators. Mr. Willing formally handed a gold key of the tower to the Mayor, who, at the stroke of one, unveiled the tower. The Mayor acknowledged the gift and Mr. Willing said a few words in reply. At a subsequent luncheon in the Pavilion the Mayor presented Mr. Willing with an illuminated address and a silver centrepiece, subscribed for solely by the members of the corporation "as a mark of their esteem on the occasion of his dedicating to the use of the inhabitants the handsome clock-tower in commemoration of the Jubilee year of the reign of Queen Victoria."

NEW BOOKS.

Old Glasgow: the Place and the People. By Andrew Macgeorge. (Blackie and Son).—The Glasgow International Exhibition this summer attracts thousands of visitors to that great commercial city which, besides the view of its mighty trades and industries, and of the Clyde shipping and shipbuilding, enjoys near access to some of the finest mountain, lake, seashore, and river scenery in Great Britain. Its historical and antiquarian associations, next to those of Edinburgh, must engage the attention of those who feel an interest in the past in Scotland; they will do well to consult this learned and accurate treatise, of which a third edition, revised and corrected by the most recent statistics, is opportunely published on the present occasion. The author begins with the advent of Kentigern, the Celtic missionary of the sixth century, better known as "St. Mungo," the latter name, which signified "Dear Friend," having been given him by his grateful flock. He had been preceded, however, towards the end of the fourth century, by St. Ninian, who abode some time among the Picts on the banks of the Molendinar. St. Mungo, however, was the first Bishop and the founder of Glasgow. The native people retained little or no effect of Roman civilisation; they afterwards became Anglicised by Saxon conquest. Ecclesiastical, baronial, and municipal jurisdictions, the one more or less than the others with the changes of times, protected the growth of the local community. It is perhaps not feasible to narrate the progress of Glasgow in a continuous history from the earliest ages. Mr. Macgeorge rather deals, in separate chapters, with particular features of the subject: the rule of the Bishops, their Castle, and their Cathedral; the civic Corporation; the tenure of property; the old streets and buildings; the ports and military defences; the river and harbour; the habits and manners of the citizens; their education, trades, social life, and amusements; the city police; the water supply, and other matters, down to the end of the eighteenth century. A few statistics are added concerning the present position of Glasgow.

The Clyde, from its Source to the Sea. By W. J. Millar, C.E. (Blackie and Son).—This volume, written by the Secretary to the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, may profitably be studied in connection with "Old Glasgow," although its instructive account of the improvement of the river navigation belongs to a more recent period, and the vast development of trade and industry which it has facilitated contrasts greatly with the former affairs of that city. It supplies, at least, much authentic and scientific information concerning the works of a bold and successful local enterprise, only paralleled by that of the Tyne at Newcastle, in its actual results, and possibly to be equalled hereafter by the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal. The description of an important river, even in its natural relation to the topography of a country with such varied and striking features as the southern part of Scotland, is always an interesting study, when aided by reference to the map; geology, orography, and meteorology, with regard to the course of streams, the amount of rainfall, the picturesque and utilitarian conditions of the district, must also be consulted. Mr. Millar's treatment of these matters is concise, but sufficiently minute and exact; while his narrative of the deepening and clearing of the river channel below Glasgow, the first introduction of steam-boats, the construction of docks, and the progress of shipbuilding, marine-engine making, and other important works on the Clyde, seems tolerably complete. The professional and official position of the author should be a guarantee for its correctness in all points of detail.

Ranks, Badges, and Dates in her Majesty's Army and Navy. By Ottley Lane Perry, Captain 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal North Lancashire Regiment. Second edition, revised and enlarged (W. Clowes and Sons).—The merits of this unique work of reference, which is the only guide that has ever been prepared to a complete acquaintance with all naval and military distinctions, points of precedence, dates of the formation of regiments and corps, salutes, marks of rank, colours, heraldry, honorary mottoes or titles, ornamental badges, tokens or signs, both in the Army and Navy and in the Auxiliary Forces, the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, are sufficiently approved by the very favourable reception that it has already gained. Captain Ottley Perry, who is known in Lancashire as a zealous and diligent officer of Volunteers, has bestowed on it an extraordinary amount of laborious research, and rare skill in packing a countless variety of precise statements into his copious annotations, but especially in the arrangement of so vast a mass of minute details, and in furnishing the links of citation, from one page to another, by which related facts are brought together with the least possible trouble. In this respect, we do not scruple to say, after much experience of statistical and historical compilations, that "Ranks, Badges, and Dates" is a very superior literary achievement; and, granting the quality of the information to be valuable or desirable, it seems to us that no compiler has ever succeeded better in putting all that could be positively ascertained from a wide and diverse range of inquiries into the closest array, including many pages of tabular views, and hundreds of concise notes, in the small compass of a neat handbook. The new edition, containing about one hundred additional pages, makes Captain Perry's work more complete by giving the Royal Navy distinctions; historical notes concerning the Board of Ordnance, the Royal Artillery, with dates of the formation of its Batteries, and the Royal Engineers, with dates of the Companies; the Royal Bodyguards, the disbanded Colonial Regiments, the Auxiliary Cavalry and Yeomanry, and the Militia, with dates of formation; also sundry details of Crown heraldry, and such matters as changes in regimental facings, and the dress and badges of musicians and drummers. It should be observed, however, that the utility of this treatise is not confined to formalities of mere professional observance, for which use it is evidently perfect. As a correct record of the campaigns and battles in which every regiment of the British Army has served, it is, in part, a compendium of our national military history, and of our conquests all over the world, that may be perused with interest by the general reader. We only regret that the existing official documents relating to the old exploits of the British Navy are in so imperfect a condition that no similar precise record of all the ships engaged in some of our famous sea-battles can now be procured.

Christian Symbolism in Great Britain and Ireland before the Thirteenth Century. By J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A., Scot.—This is the course of the Rhind Lectures in Archaeology for 1885. The author is a careful and painstaking writer, who has accumulated a valuable mass of materials bearing on his subject. He first describes early Christian symbolism in foreign countries, and then points out the influences which were introduced from abroad into the art of our own islands. The results of this inquiry show that the comparative method is here, as it is in some other branches of study, the only true one. The early art of this country had some features which were peculiar to itself; but either from illuminated MSS. or art objects being brought by ecclesiastics or pilgrims from abroad, ideas were imported of which we have unmistakable evidence. As an illustration, the Chi-Rho monogram,

better known as the Constantine monogram, may be given. This was common in our country from the end of the fourth to the end of the fifth century. The monogram is understood to be formed of Greek letters, hence it must have been brought from Rome, where the Byzantine influence prevailed for some centuries. At a later date, the Alpha and Omega appears, and with it the Roman letters I H C—the equivalent of I H S—and X R C—this last appears in some instances on sculptured stones as $\chi\rho\varsigma$, or in what a compositor would now call "lower case letters"—the Greek monogram of *Xristos*. If monograms could be brought in and incorporated in the art, it would be quite possible for other forms of art to be transplanted. One of the most interesting of the lectures is the one on "Medieval Bestiaries." This is quite a new line of inquiry, and the author gives Dr. J. Anderson the credit of being the first to begin it. It is also a following up of the comparative method. There are a number of mediæval works in existence, called Bestiaries, or Books of Beasts; these deal with beasts mentioned in Scripture, but they also accept all the wonderful and doubtful legends about them that were current at the time. All this was used as a means of religious edification, and the various animals, according to their supposed characters, were either Christ or his enemy Satan. The result already is that from the study of these Bestiaries some of the quaint groups of animals to be found on the Celtic crosses of Ireland and Scotland have been explained; and much more is to be expected from this line of inquiry.

Early Christian Art in Ireland. By Margaret Stokes.—This lady's name is not unknown among archaeologists; and her work is more than a mere handbook: it contains a large amount of knowledge, recorded in a methodical way. It treats metal-work, and of sculpture; the last chapter is on building and architecture, which, of course, includes the round towers first of the old illuminated books, and of the scribes; then of Ireland. Lord Dunraven has traced these towers to France, where some still exist, and the type has been followed up as far as Ravenna. They were bell-towers; but they were constructed when the Norsemen began to make incursions into Ireland, and one purpose they were intended for was that of towers of refuge. The height of the doors of these towers above the ground is almost a complete proof that this was the case. O'Brien and other writers, who urged a profound symbolical meaning as expressed by these towers, claimed for them an Oriental origin. As towers of refuge this claim can still be made for them, and the Sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, in *The Illustrated London News* three years ago, showed that towers of refuge are still common in Persia. Those belong, indeed, to a more primitive style of construction than the Irish towers, for they are built of mud; but they tell, like the old Irish towers, of an unsettled state, and of a country liable to the continued ravaging of a merciless enemy. Such was Ireland, no doubt, in the ninth century. The antiquarian collection now on view at the Irish Exhibition in London contains some objects which may be appreciated the better after reading what Miss Stokes has written on these subjects.

A Wanderer's Notes. By W. Beatty-Kingston, author of "Music and Manners," "Monarchs I have Met," &c. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—The personal experiences and observations of a gentleman who has passed many years, as special foreign correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in visiting the different countries and cities of Europe, often upon occasions of great political interest, with access to the leaders of native society, cannot fail to be entertaining. These volumes will be preferred by many to those of his last publication, which were chiefly filled with accounts of the Sovereigns of Continental States, the Emperors and Kings and Princes, not forgetting the Pope, whose manners in public, and their habitual style of receiving any Englishman admitted to a formal interview, are pretty well known. Such a blaze of journalistic illumination surrounds the figures of those illustrious personages in our times, pervading the interior of their courts and palaces, and lighting up every stage of royal journeys and progresses, that curiosity is already satisfied with regard to their ordinary mode of life. It is only when, as recently at Berlin and Potsdam, human sympathies are deeply stirred by events bringing the most honoured and esteemed inheritors of the highest rank within reach of afflictions common to mortality, that people in general care to learn anything of their domestic habits. In this new work of Mr. Beatty-Kingston's, on the contrary, we are glad to find a great deal of more interesting description of the every-day life of foreign nations, and of all classes of society. He is not here "modò reges atque tetrarchas, omnia magna loquens," but frankly and vivaciously portraying the Germans, the Austrians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Piedmontese, the Romans, the Spaniards, and the Roumanians, as he found them at home, folks of all classes—civil, military, and ecclesiastic, nobles, soldiers, tradesmen, and peasants. This is really instructive, as well as highly amusing; and he spares us the repetition of mere topographical guide-book details concerning the towns and buildings and galleries of art, which all Cook's tourists have seen for themselves, if they pleased to do so. Every piece of description that he gives us is fresh, original, novel in its effect, usually inclining to the grotesque and humorous aspect of the scene, from an Englishman's point of view, though seldom unkind to the foreigners, and inspired by a mood of tolerant liberality, which less experienced travellers might do well to adopt. There are many things, to be sure, which he does not admire, and some which he even denounces in rather forcible language: the dismal, tedious canal voyages in Holland, with the bad smells from the water, the ugliness of the people and of their dwellings; the sea-bathing customs in Ostend; the discomfort and negligent attendance in Viennese supper-room and beer-gardens, and the impudent profligacy of behaviour at masquerade balls; the gambling, in former years, at some German spas; the bad performances at certain theatres; the inconvenient railway arrangements, and the vexatious Custom-house official practices; the neglect of washing, the bad taste in dressing, the rowdiness and boorishness of this or that section of mankind. On the other hand, he bestows unstinted praise on what seems to him commendable in foreign institutions; and his account, especially, of the organisation, discipline, and spirit of the Prussian army, and of the Berlin battalion of Landwehr, at whose officers' mess he dined, is in the highest terms of commendation. Among the notable incidents related with some particularity is the opening, in 1871, of the ingenious Fell railway over Mont Cenis, superseded after three years by the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The Spanish Revolution of 1868, when General Prim was Dictator, the condition of Papal Rome in 1870, the last year of the Pope's temporal power, and the persecution of the Jews in Roumania in 1874, are likewise events of contemporary importance which led Mr. Beatty-Kingston to visit the scene of action. But politics do not form the staple of these pleasant volumes, which, though extremely discursive, with sudden and swift transitions from one place and time to another, yield a large amount of information, such as could be furnished only by a clever man of the world, "qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

In his hand he carried his bible. . . Beside him walked my mother, holding in her hand my brother Barnaby, then three years of age.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FAREWELL SUNDAY.

The morning of Sunday, August the 23rd, in the year of grace 1662, should have been black and gloomy, with the artillery of rolling thunder, dreadful flashes of lightning, and driving hail and wind to strip the orchards and lay low the corn. For on that day was done a thing which filled the whole country with

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grief, and bore bitter fruit, in after years, of revenge and rebellion. Because it was the day before that formerly named after Bartholomew, the disciple, it hath been called the Black Bartholomew of England, thus being likened unto that famous day (approved by the Pope) when the French Protestants were treacherously massacred by their King. It should rather be called "Farewell Sunday," or "Exile Sunday," for on that day two thousand godly ministers preached their last sermon in the churches where they had laboured worthily and with good fruit, some during the time of the Protector, and some even longer, because among them were a few who possessed their benefices even from the time of the late King Charles the First. And, since on that day two thousand ministers left their churches and their houses,

and laid down their worldly wealth for conscience' sake, there were also, perhaps, as many wives who went with them, and, I dare say, three or four times as many innocent and helpless babes. And, further (it is said that the time was fixed by design and deliberate malice of our enemies), the ministers were called upon to make their choice only a week or two before the day of the collection of their tithes. In other words, they were sent forth to the world at the season when their purses were at the leanest; indeed, with most country clergymen, their purses shortly before the collection of tithes have become wellnigh empty. It was also unjust that their successors should be permitted to collect the tithes due to those who were ejected.

It is fitting to begin this history with the Black Bartholomew,

because all the troubles and adventures which afterwards befell us were surely caused by that accursed day. One knows not, certainly, what other rubs might have been ordained for us by a wise Providence (always with the merciful design of keeping before our eyes the vanity of worldly things, the instability of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the wisdom of looking for a hereafter which shall be lasting, stable, and satisfying to the soul). Still, it must be confessed, such trials as were appointed unto us were, in severity and continuance, far beyond those appointed to the ordinary sort, so that I cannot but feel at times uplifted (I hope not sinfully) at having been called upon to endure so much. Let me not, however, be proud. Had it not been for this day, for, certain, our boys would not have been tempted to strike a blow—vain and useless as it proved—for the Protestant religion and for liberty of conscience: while perhaps I should now be forbidden to relate our sufferings, were it not for the glorious Revolution which has restored toleration, secured the Protestant ascendancy, and driven into banishment a Prince, concerning whom all honest men pray that he and his son (if he have, indeed, a son of his own) may never again have authority over this realm.

This Sunday, I say, should have wept tears of rain over the havoc which it witnessed; yet it was fine and clear, the sun riding in splendour, and a warm summer air blowing among the orchards and over the hills and around the village of Bradford Orcas, in the shire of Somerset. The wheat (for the season was late) stood gold-coloured in the fields, ready at last for the reaper: the light breeze bent down the ears so that they showed like waves over which the passing clouds make light and shade; the apples in the orchards were red and yellow and nearly ripe for the press; in the gardens of the Manor House, hard by the church, the sun-flowers and the hollyhocks were at their tallest and their best; the yellow roses on the wall were still in clusters; the sweet-peas hung with tangles of vine and flower upon their stalks; the bachelors' buttons, the sweet mignonette, the nasturtium, the gilly-flowers and stocks, the sweet-williams and the pansies, offered their late summer blossoms to the hot sun among the lavender, thyme, parsley, sage, feverfew and vervain of my Lady's garden. Oh! I know how it all looked, though I was then as yet unborn. How many times have I stood in the churchyard and watched the same scene at the same sweet season! On a week-day one hears the thumping and the groaning of the mill below the church; there are the voices of the men at work—the yo-hoing of the boys who drive; and the lumbering of the carts. You can even hear the spinning-wheels at work in the cottages. On Sunday morning everything is still, save for the warbling of the winged tribe in the wood, the cooing of the doves in the cote, the clucking of the hens, the grunting of the pigs, and the droning of the bees. These things disturb not the meditations of one who is accustomed to them.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the Sexton, an ancient man and rheumatic, hobbled slowly through the village, key in hand, and opened the church-door. Then he went into the tower and rang the first bell. I suppose this bell is designed to hurry housewives with their morning work, and to admonish the men that they incline their hearts to a spiritual disposition. This done, the Sexton set open the doors of the pews, swept out the Squire's and the Rector's in the chancel, dusted the cushions of the pulpit (the reading-desk at this time was not used), opened the clasps of the great Bible, and swept down the aisle: as he had done Sunday after Sunday for fifty years. When he had thus made the church ready for the day's service, he went into the vestry, which had only been used since the establishment of the Commonwealth for the registers of birth, death, and marriage.

At one side of the vestry stood an ancient, black oak coffer, the sides curiously graven, and a great rusty key in the lock. The Sexton turned the key with difficulty, threw open the lid, and looked in.

"Ay," he said, chuckling, "the old surplice and the old Book of Common Prayer. Ye have had a long rest; 'tis time for both to come out again. When the surplice is out the book will stay no longer locked up. These two go in and out together. I mind me, now"—Here he sat down, and his thoughts wandered for a space; perhaps he saw himself once more a boy running in the fields, or a young man courting a maid. Presently he returned to the task before him, and drew forth an old and yellow roll which he shook out. It was the surplice which had once been white. "Here you be," he said. "Put you away for a matter of twelve year and more and you bide your time; you know you will come back again; you are not in any hurry. Even the Sexton dies; but you die not, you bide your time. Everything comes again. The old woman shall give you a taste of the suds and the hot iron. Thus we go up and thus we go down." He put back the surplice and took out the great Book of Common Prayer—musty and damp after twelve years' imprisonment. "Fie!" he said, "thy leather is parting from the boards, and thy leaves they do stick together. Shalt have a pot of paste, and then lie in the sun before thou goest back to the desk. Whether 'tis Mass or Common Prayer, whether 'tis Independent or Presbyterian, folk mun still die and be buried—ay, and married and born—whatever they do say. Parson goes and Preacher comes; Preacher goes and Parson comes; but Sexton stays"—He chuckled again, put back the surplice and the book, and locked the coffer.

Then he slowly went down the church and came out of the porch, blinking in the sun and shading his old eyes. He sat down upon the flat stones of the old cross, and presently nodded his head and dropped off asleep.

This was a strange indifference in the man. A great and truly notable thing was to be accomplished that day. But he cared nothing. Two thousand godly and learned men were to go forth into poverty for liberty of conscience—this man's own minister was one of them. He cared nothing. The King was sowing the seed from which should spring a rod to drive forth his successor from the kingdom. In the village the common sort were not moved. Nothing concerns the village folk but the weather and the market prices. As for the good Sexton, he was very old: he had seen the Church of England displaced by the Presbyterians and the Presbyterians by the Independents, and now these were again to be supplanted by the Church of England. He had been Sexton through all these changes. He heeded them not; why, his father, Sexton before him, could remember when the Mass was said in the church and the Virgin was worshipped, and the folk were driven like sheep to confession. All the time the people went on being born, and marrying, and dying. Creed doth not, truly, affect these things nor the Sexton's work. Therefore, this old gaffer, having made sure that the surplice was in the place where it had lain undisturbed for a dozen years, and remembering that it must be washed and ironed for the following Sunday, sat down to bask in the sun, his mind at rest, and dropped off into a gentle sleep.

At ten o'clock the bell-ringers came tramping up the stone steps from the road, and the Sexton woke up. At ten they use to begin their chimes, but at the hour they ring for five minutes only, ending with the clash of all five bells together. At a quarter past ten they chime again, for the service, which begins at half-past ten.

At the sound of these chimes the whole village begins to move slowly towards the church. First come the children, the bigger ones leading those who are little by the hand; the boys come next, but unwillingly, because the Sexton is diligent with his cane, and some of those who now go up the steps to the church will come down with smarting backs, the reward of those who play or laugh during the service. Then come the young men, who stand about the churchyard and whisper to each other. After them follow the elders and the married men, with the women and the girls. Five minutes before the half hour the ringers change the chime for a single bell. Then those who are outside gather in the porch and wait for the Quality.

When the single bell began, there came forth from the Rectory the Rector himself, Mr. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, who was this day to deliver his soul and lay down his charge. He wore the black gown and Geneva bands, for the use of which he contended. At this time he was a young man of thirty—tall and thin. He stooped in the shoulders because he was continually reading; his face was grave and austere; his nose thin and aquiline; his eyes bright—never was any man with brighter eyes than my father; his hair, which he wore long, was brown and curly; his forehead high, rather than broad; his lips were firm. In these days, as my mother hath told me, and as I well believe, he was a man of singular comeliness, concerning which he cared nothing. Always from childhood upwards he had been grave in conversation and seriously inclined in mind. If I think of my father as a boy (no one ever seems to think that his father was once a boy), I am fain to compare him with Humphrey, save for certain bodily defects, my father having been like a Priest of the Altar for bodily perfection. That is to say, I am sure that, like Humphrey, he had no need of rod or ferule to make him learn his lessons, and, like that dear and fond friend of my childhood, he would willingly sit in a corner and read a book while the other boys played and went a-hunting or a-nesting. And very early in life he was smitten with the conviction of sin, and blessed with such an inward assurance of salvation as made him afterwards steadfast in all afflictions.

He was not a native of this country, having been born in New England. He came over, being then eighteen years of age, to study at Oxford, that university being purged of malignants (as they were then called), and, at the time, entirely in the hands of the godly. He was entered of Balliol College, of which Society he became a Fellow, and was greatly esteemed for his learning, wherein he excelled most of the scholars of his time. He knew and could read Hebrew, Chaldee, and the ancient Syriac, as well as Latin and Greek. Of modern languages he had acquired Arabic, by the help of which he read the book which is called the Koran of the False Prophet Mohammed: French and Italian he also knew and could read easily. As for his opinions, he was an Independent, and that not meekly or with hesitation, but with such zeal and vehemence that he considered all who differed from him as his private enemies—nay, the very enemies of God. For this reason, and because his personal habits were too austere for those who attained not to his spiritual height, he was more feared than loved. Yet his party looked upon him as one of their greatest and stoutest champions.

He left Oxford at the age of five or six and twenty, and accepted the living of Bradford Orcas, offered him by Sir Christopher Challis of that place. Here he had preached for six years, looking forward to nothing else than to remain there, advancing in grace and wisdom, until the end of his days. So much was ordered, indeed, for him; but not quite as he had designed. Let no man say that he knoweth the future, or that he can shape out his destiny. You shall hear presently how Benjamin arrogantly resolved that his future should be what he chose; and what came of that impious resolution.

My father's face was always austere; this morning, it was more serious and sterner than customary, because the day was to him the most important in his life, and he was about to pass from a condition of plenty (the Rectory of Bradford Orcas is not rich, but it affords a sufficiency) to one of penury. Those who knew him, however, had no doubt of the course he was about to take. Even the rustics knew that their minister would never consent to wear a surplice or to read the Book of Common Prayer, or to keep holy days—you have seen how the Sexton opened the box and took out the surplice; yet my father had said nothing to him concerning his intentions.

In his hand he carried his Bible—his own copy, I have it still, the margins covered with notes in his writing—bound in black leather, worn by constant handling, with brass clasps. Upon his head he had a plain black silk cap, which he wore constantly in his study and at meals to keep off draughts. Indeed, I loved to see him with the silk cap rather than with his tall steeple hat, with neither ribbon nor ornament of any kind, in which he rode when he afterwards went about the country to break the law in exhorting and praying with his friends.

Beside him walked my mother, holding in her hand her boy, my brother Barnaby, then three years of age. As for me, I was not yet born. She had been weeping; her eyes were red and swollen with tears; but when she entered the church she wept no more, bravely listening to the words which condemned to poverty and hardship herself and her children, if any more should be born to her. Alas, poor soul! What had she done that this affliction should befall her? What had her innocent boy done? For upon her—not upon her husband!—would fall the heavy burden of poverty, and on her children the loss. Yet never by a single word of complaint did she make her husband sorry that he had obeyed the voice of conscience, even when there was nothing left in the house, not so much as the widow's cruse of oil. Alas, poor mother, once so free from care! what sorrow and anxiety wert thou destined to endure, for the tender conscience of thy husband!

At the same time—namely, at the ringing of the single bell—there came forth from the Manor House hard by the church, his Honour, Sir Christopher, with his family. The worthy knight was then about fifty years of age, tall and handsome still—in his later years there was something of a heavenly sweetness in his face, created, I doubt not, by a long life of pious thoughts and worthy deeds. His hair was streaked with grey, but not yet white; he wore a beard of the kind called stiletto, which was even then an ancient fashion, and he was dressed more soberly than is common with gentlemen of his rank, having no feather in his hat, but a simple ribbon round it, and though his ruffles were of lace and the kerchief round his neck was lace, the colour of his coat was plain brown. He leaned upon a gold-headed cane on account of an old wound (it was inflicted by a Cavalier's musket-ball when he was a Captain in the army of Lord Essex). The wound left him somewhat lame, yet not so lame but that he could very well walk about his fields and could ride his horse, and even hunt with the otter-hounds. By his side walked Madam, his wife. After him came his son, Humphrey, newly married, and with Humphrey his wife; and last came his son-in-law, the Reverend Philip Boscorel, M.A., late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, also newly married, with his wife, Sir Christopher's daughter, Patience. Mr. Boscorel, like my father, was at that time thirty years of age. Like him, too, his face was comely and his features fine;

yet they lacked the fire and the earnestness which marked my father. And in his silken cassock, his small white bands; his lace ruffles, and his dainty walk, it seemed as if Mr. Boscorel thought himself above the common run of mankind and of superior clay. 'Tis sometimes the way with scholars and those who survey the world from the eminence of a library.

Sir Christopher's face was full of concern, because he loved the young man who was this day to throw away his livelihood; and although he was ready himself to worship after the manner prescribed by law, his opinions were rather Independent than Episcopalian. As for Mr. Boscorel, who was about to succeed to the ejected minister, his face wore no look of triumph, which would have been ungenerous. He was observed, indeed, after he had silently gone through the Service of the day with the help of the Common Prayer-book, to listen diligently unto the preacher.

The people, I have already said, knew already what was about to happen. Perhaps some of them (but I think not) possessed a copy of the old Prayer-book. This, they knew, was to be restored, with the surplice, and the observance of Holy days, Feasts, and Fasts, and the kneeling at the administration of the Holy Communion. Our people are craftsmen as much as they are rustics; every week the master clothiers' men drive their packhorses into the village laden with wool, and return with yarn; they are not, therefore, so brutish and sluggish as most country folk; yet they made no outward show of caring whether Prelacy or Independence was to have the sway. Perhaps the abstruse doctrines which my father loved to discuss were too high for them; perhaps his austerity was too strict for them, so that he was not beloved by them. Perhaps, even, they would have cared little if they had heard that Bishop Bonner himself was coming back. Religion, to country folk, means, mostly, the going to church on Sunday morning. That done, man's service of Prayer and Praise to his Creator is also done. If the form be changed the church remains, and the churchyard; one shepherd followeth another, but the flock is always the same. Revolutions overthrow kings, and send great heads to the block; but the village heedeth not unless civil war pass that way. To country folk, what difference? The sky and the fields are unchanged. Under Queen Mary they are Papists; under Queen Elizabeth they are Protestants. They have the Prayer Book under King James and King Charles; under Oliver they have had the Presbyterian and Independent; now they have the Book of Common Prayer and the surplice again. Yet they remain the same people, and tell the same stories, and, so far as I know, believe the same things—viz., that Christ Jesus saves the soul of every man who truly believes in Him. Why, if it were not for his immortal soul—concerning which he takes but little thought—the rustic might be likened unto the patient beast whom he harnesseth to his plough and to his muck-cart. He changeth no more; he works as hard; he is as long-enduring; his eyes and his thoughts are as much bound by the hedge, the lane, and the field: he thinks and invents and advances no more. Were it not, I say, for the Church, he would take as little heed of anything as his ox or his ass; his village would become his country; his squire would become his king; the nearest village would become the camp of an enemy; and he would fall into the condition of the Ancient Briton when Julius Cæsar found every tribe fighting against every other.

I talk as a fool. For sometimes there falls upon the torpid soul of the rustic a spark which causes a mighty flame to blaze up and burn fiercely within him. I have read how a simple monk, called Peter the Hermit, drew thousands of poor, illiterate, credulous persons from their homes and led them, a mob armed with scythes and pikes, across Europe to the deserts of Asia Minor, where they miserably perished. I have read also of Jack Cade, and how he drew the multitudes after him, crying aloud for justice or death. And I myself have seen these sluggish spirits suddenly fired with a spirit which nothing could subdue. The sleeping soul I have seen suddenly starting into life: strength and swiftness have I seen suddenly put into sluggish limbs: light and fire have I seen gleaming suddenly in dull and heavy eyes. Oh! it was a miracle: but I have seen it. And having seen it, I cannot despise these lads of the plough, these honest boys of Somerset, nor can I endure to hear them laughed at or contemned.

Bradford Orcas, in the Hundred of Horethorne, Somerset, is a village so far from the great towns, that one would think a minister might have gone on praying and preaching after his own fashion without ever being discovered. But the arm of the Law is long.

The nearest town is Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, to which there is a bridle-path across the fields; it is the market-town for the villages round it. Bradford Orcas is an obscure little village, with no history and no antiquities. It stands in the south-eastern corner of the county, close to the western declivity of the Corton Hills, which here sweep round so as to form a valley, in which the village is built along the banks of a stream. The houses are for the most part of stone, with thatched roofs, as is the custom in our country; the slopes of the hills are covered with trees, and round the village stand goodly orchards, the cider from which cannot be surpassed. As for the land, but little of it is arable; the greater part is a sandy loam or stone brash. The church, which in the superstitious days was dedicated to St. Nicolas, is built upon a hillock, a rising ground in the west of the village. This building of churches upon hillocks is a common custom in our parts, and seemeth laudable, because a church should stand where it can be seen by all the people, and by its presence remind them of Death and of the Judgment. This practice doth obtain, for example, at Sherborne, where there is a very noble church, and at Huish Episcopi and at many other places in our county. Our church is fair and commodious, not too large for the congregation, having in the west a steeple tower embattled, and consisting of a nave and chancel with a very fine roof of carved woodwork. There is an ancient yew-tree in the churchyard, from which in old times bows were cut; some of the bows yet hang in the great hall of the Manor House. Among the graves is an ancient stone cross, put up no man knows when, standing in a six-sided slab of stone, but the top was broken off at the time of the Reformation; two or three tombs are in the churchyard, and the rest is covered with mounds, beneath which lie the bones and dust of former generations.

Close to the churchyard, and at the north-east corner, is the Manor House, as large as the church itself, but not so ancient. It was built in the reign of Henry VII. A broad arched gateway leads into a court, wherein is the entrance to the house. Over the gateway is a kind of tower, but not detached from the house. In the wall of the tower is a panel, lozenge shaped, in which are carved the arms of the Challis family. The house is stately, with many gables, and in each are casement windows set in richly-carved stone tracery. As for the rooms within the house, I will speak of them hereafter. At present I have the churchyard in my mind. There is no place upon the earth which more I love. To stand in the long grass among the graves; to gaze upon the wooded hills beyond, the orchards, the meadows, the old house, the venerable church, the yew-tree; to listen to the murmur of the stream below and the singing of the lark above; to feel the fresh breeze upon my

cheek—oh! I do this daily. It makes me feel young once more; it brings back the days when I stood here with the boys, and when Sir Christopher would lean over the wall and discourse with us gravely and sweetly upon the love of God and the fleeting joys of earth (which yet, he said, we should accept and be happy withal in thankfulness), and the happiness unspeakable that awaiteth the Lord's saints. Or, if my thoughts continue in the past, the graveyard brings back the presence and the voice of Mr. Boscorel.

"In such a spot as this," he would say, speaking softly and slowly, "the pastorals of Virgil or Theocritus might have been written. Here would the shepherds hold their contests. Certainly they could find no place, even in sunny Sicily or at Mantua itself, where (save for three months in the year) the air is more delightful. Here they need not to avoid the burning heat of a sun which gently warms, but never burns; here they would find the shade of the grove pleasant in the soft summer season. Innocent lambs instead of kids (which are tasteless) play in our meadows; the cider which we drink is, I take it, more pleasing to the palate than was their wine flavoured with turpentine. And our viols, violins, and spinets are instruments more delightful than the oaten pipe, or the cithara itself." Then would he wave his hand, and quote some poet in praise of a country life—

There is no man but may make his paradise,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys that keeps him out on't.
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit,
Is still in Paradise.

"But, child," he would add, with a sigh, "one may not always wish to be in Paradise. The world's joys lie elsewhere. Only, when youth is gone—then Paradise is best."

The service began after the manner of the Independents, with a long prayer, during which the people sat. Mr. Boscorel, as I have said, went through his own service in silence, the Book of Common Prayer in his hand. After the prayer, the minister read a portion of Scripture, which he expounded at length and with great learning. Then the congregation sang that Psalm which begins—

Triumphing songs with glorious tongues
Let's offer unto Him.

This done, the Rector ascended the pulpit for the last time, gave out his text, turned his hour-glass, and began his sermon.

He took for his text those verses in St. Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, vi., 3-10, in which the Apostle speaks of his own ministry as if he was actually predicting the tribulation which was to fall upon these faithful preachers of a later time—"In much patience, in affliction, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labour, in watchings, in fastings,"—could not the very words be applied to my father?

He read the text three times, so that everybody might fully understand the subject upon which he was to preach—namely, the faithfulness required of a minister of the gospel. I need not set down the arguments he used or the reasons he gave for his resolution not to conform with the Act of Uniformity. The rustics sat patiently listening, with no outward sign of assent or of sympathy. But their conduct afterwards proved abundantly to which side their minds inclined.

It behoves us all to listen with respect when scholars and wise men inquire into the reasons of things. Yet the preachings and expositions which such as my father bestowed upon their flocks did certainly awaken men's minds to consider by themselves the things which many think too high for them. It is a habit which may lead to the foundation of false and pernicious sects. And it certainly is not good that men should preach the doctrines of the Anabaptists, the Fifth Monarchy men, or the Quakers. Yet it is better that some should be deceived than that all should be slaves. I have been assured by one—I mean Humphrey—who hath travelled, that in those countries where the priest taketh upon himself the religion of the people, so that they think to be saved by attending mass, by fasting, confession, penance, and so forth, not only does religion itself become formal, mechanical, and inanimate, but in the very daily concerns and business of life men grow slothful and lack spirit. Their religion, which is the very heat of the body, the sustaining and vital force of all man's actions, is cold and dead. Therefore, all the virtues are cold also, and with them the courage and the spirit of the people. Thus it is that Italy hath fallen aside into so many small and divided kingdoms. And for this reason, Spain, in the opinion of those who know her best, is now falling rapidly into decay.

I am well assured, by those who can remember, that the intelligence of the village-folk greatly increased during the period when they were encouraged to search the Scriptures for themselves. Many taught themselves to read, others had their children taught, in order that they might read or hear, daily, portions of the Scriptures. It is now thirty years since Authority resumed the rule; the village-folk have again become, to outward seeming, sheep who obey without questioning. Yet it is observed that when they are within reach of a town—that is to say, of a meeting-house—they willingly flock to the service in the afternoon and evening.

It was with the following brave words that my father concluded his discourse:—

"Seeing, therefore, my brethren, how clear is the Word of God on these points; and considering that we must always obey God rather than man; and observing that here we plainly see the finger of God pointing to disobedience and its consequences, I am constrained to disobey. The consequence will be to me that I shall stand in this place no more: to you, that you will have a stranger in your church. I pray that he may be a godly person, able to divide the Word, learned and acceptable.

"As for me, I must go forth, perhaps from among you altogether. If persecutions arise, it may be to me and mine to seek again that land beyond the seas whither my fathers fled for the sake of religious liberty. Whatever happens, I must fain preach the gospel. It is laid upon me to preach. If I am silent, it will be as if Death itself had fallen upon me. My brethren, there have been times—and those times may return—when the Elect have had to meet, secretly, on the sides of barren hills and in the heart of the forest, to pray together and to hear the Word. I say that these times may return. If they do, you will find me willing, I hope and pray, to brave for you the worst that our enemies can devise. Perhaps, however, this tyranny may pass over. Already the Lord hath achieved one great deliverance for this ancient Realm. Perhaps another may be in His secret purposes when we have been chastened, as, for our many sins, we richly deserve. Whether in affliction or in prosperity, let us always say, 'The Lord's name be praised!'

"Now, therefore, for the sand is running low and I may not weary the young and the impatient, let me conclude. Farewell, sweet Sabbaths! Farewell, the sweet expounding of the Word! Farewell, sweet pulpit! Farewell, sweet faces of the souls which I have yearned to present pure and washed clean before the Throne! My brethren, I go about, henceforth, as a dog which is muzzled; another man will fill this pulpit; our simple form of worship is gone; the Prayer-book and the surplice have come back again. Pray God we see not

Confession, Penance, the Mass, the Inquisition, the enslavement of conscience, the stake, and the martyr's axe!"

Then he paused and bowed his head, and everybody thought that he had finished.

He had not. He raised it again, and threw out his arms and shouted aloud, while his eyes glowed like fire:

"No! I will not be silent. I WILL NOT. I am sent into the world to preach the gospel. I have no other business. I must proclaim the Word as I hope for everlasting life. Brethren, we shall meet again." In the woods and on the hills we shall find a Temple; there are houses where two or three may be gathered together, the Lord Himself being in their midst. Never doubt that I am ready, in season and out of season, whatever be the Law, to preach the gospel of the Lord!"

He ended, and straightway descended the pulpit stair, and stalked out of the church, the people looking after him with awe and wonder. But Mr. Boscorel smiled and wagged his head, with a kind of pity.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR.

The scene in the White Saloon of the Old Schloss or Royal Palace at Berlin, on Monday, June 25, when the new and young German Emperor, William II., King of Prussia, opened a Session of the Imperial Reichstag or Diet, was one of imposing pomp. His Imperial and Royal Majesty, wearing the crimson velvet mantle of the Order of the Black Eagle, with a military uniform and helmet, was seated on a dais three steps high, carpeted with purple velvet, and overcanopied by a golden baldachin, emblazoned with black Imperial eagles. On his left were the Federal Council, headed by Prince Bismarck; in front of him were the representatives of the German nation; on his right, two steps above the floor, sat all the chief German Sovereigns and the members of the Prussian Royal House; behind them, a little higher, was a seat for the Empress next the throne; and there were places for the other Princesses, all in deep mourning. The Empress was holding by the hand the little blond-haired Crown Prince, evidently astonished at all this pageantry. There was a crowd of Ministers and Generals behind and on each side of the throne, holding the insignia of rule and the symbols of Imperial power—the sword of the realm, the ball of rule, the sceptre, and the banner of the realm, upborne by old Field-Marshal Von Blumenthal, flanked by two Generals with drawn swords, and supported by Count Moltke with his Marshal's bâton in his hand. Most of these dignitaries were robed in their crimson velvet mantles of the Black Eagle. The list of German reigning Sovereigns includes the King of Saxony, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the King of Württemberg (represented by the heir-apparent), the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hesse, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the rulers and Princes of Saxe-Meiningen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt and Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Altenburg, Anhalt, Reuss, Waldeck-Pyrmont, Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe-Detmold, and others—all, like the Emperor, wearing their plumed helmets and their Black Eagle mantles. The Emperor received from Prince Bismarck, the Imperial Chancellor, a written copy of the speech to be read from the throne, and proceeded to read it in a firm and emphatic tone. The purport of this speech was reported last week; a loyal Address in reply has been voted by the Reichstag, and the Session has been adjourned.

Besides an illustration of the scene at the opening of the Reichstag in Berlin, we present a View of the Marble Palace at Potsdam, in which the new Emperor and Empress have taken up their abode. It is situated beyond the Nauener suburb, in the "New Garden" on the banks of a small lake called the Heilige See, north-east of the town. The palace, built in 1787 by King Frederick William II., in the Dutch style, stands at the water's edge; its entrance hall is adorned with fresco paintings of scenes from the Nibelungen legend, and landscapes of the Rhineland. The park is very pretty, and contains summer-houses, grottoes, a hermitage, and beautiful groups of trees.

The Queen has approved of the nomination of Mr. Herbert Davies Evans, of Highmead, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Cardigan, in the place of the late Colonel Edward Lewis Pryse.

The festival dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution was held at Cannon-street Hotel, on July 4, when Viscount Lynton, M.P., presided, and a distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen were present.

The ninetieth anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys was held on June 27 at Freemasons' Hall, Viscount Ebrington, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of Devonshire, being in the chair. The subscriptions amounted to £8660, of which amount London contributed £4186.

The Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is the president, have resolved to invite Mr. Lowell and as many other American men of letters as may be in England to a public dinner, in recognition of their distinguished and persevering efforts on behalf of international copyright. The date fixed is Wednesday, July 25.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JULY 7, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-pence-halfpenny*.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, (dated Aug. 1, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1885), of Mr. Fleetwood Pellew Wilson, J.P., D.L., late of No. 30, Portman-square, and of Wappingham Manor, Northamptonshire, who died on April 24 last, at Boscombe, near Bournemouth, was proved on June 21, by Charles Colin Maerac, and Thomas Rannie Grant, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £269,000. The testator devises his freehold house in Portman-square to his daughter, Miss Frances Wilson; and he bequeaths to her all the furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages there or at his principal residence. He also bequeaths £2000 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; an annuity of £400 to his brother, Edward Pellew Wilson; £20,000, upon trust, for his niece, Mrs. Jane Nicoll, her husband and issue; and numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, for life; then, as to £20,000, as she shall appoint; and the ultimate residue to her children; or, in default of children, to his next of kin, according to the Statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1888), with a codicil (dated March 27 following), of Mr. William Chickhall Jay, late of No. 217, Regent-street, mourning-warehouseman and silk-mercant, and of Tollesbury, Essex, who died on April 27 last, was proved on June 27 by Charles Droune Davies, William John Starkey, Charles Lee Nichols, and Thomas Simpson Jay, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £101,000. The testator makes special gifts of houses, furniture and effects, and policies of assurance to, or upon trust for, his children and his granddaughter, Annie Matilda Shkelton; and he bequeaths £1000 to his brother, Samuel Jay; and £100 to each of his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves one sixth to his said son; one sixth, upon trust, for his said granddaughter; and one sixth, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Ellen Matilda, Ada Wylie, Alice Jane, and Eugenie Maria.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1887), with a codicil (dated Nov. 21 following), of Mr. Robert Valentine Leach, formerly of Devizes Castle, Wilts, and late of Bordighera, Italy, who died on May 7 last, was proved on June 22 by Mrs. Annette Wright Cunningham, the daughter, Charles Pegge, William Saunders, and Wickham Flower, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator bequeaths £8000 and three hundred £10 shares paid up in Leach, Flower, and Co. (Limited), to his said daughter; and there are numerous and considerable legacies to his other daughters, grandchildren, and others. As to the residue of his property he leaves one half to his said daughter, Mrs. Cunningham, and one half to his grand-daughters, Ethel Vaughan Willett and Frances Emily Willett.

The will (dated April 8, 1888) of Mr. Charles Harrison, J.P., formerly M.P. for Bewdley, late of Areley Court, Stourport, Worcestershire, who died on May 11 last, was proved on June 21 by Charles King Harrison, the son, and George King Harrison, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his wines, consumable stores, and live stock to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Augusta Harrison; he also bequeaths to her, so long as she shall reside at Areley Court, all his furniture and personal effects, and on her ceasing to reside there he gives the same to his son. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said son conditionally on his paying to his (testator's) wife, for life, one half of the net profits of his share of the business of a carpet manufacturer heretofore carried on by the testator.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1879) of Miss Clare Bridget Strong, late of No. 17, Stafford-terrace, Kensington, who died on May 24 last, was proved on June 16 by Madgwick George Davidson, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to godchildren and her maid; and the other provisions of the will are in favour of her nephews, nieces, sisters, brother-in-law, and executor.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1876), with a codicil (dated May 1, 1877), of Mr. John Christian Cowley, late of Leinster-gardens, Hyde Park, who died on April 16 last, was proved on June 15 by Mrs. Julia Cowley, the widow, and John Herbert Baynes Cowley, the son, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £500, and his household furniture and effects, to his wife; he also gives her an annuity of £1500, to be reduced to £500 in the event of her marrying again; £5000, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, Edith Julia and Alice Margaret Emma; and a further sum of £3000 each on the death of his wife; £15,000 to his eldest son, John Herbert Baynes; and legacies to five nieces and to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his sons, including his eldest son.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1878) with a codicil (dated Sept. 19, 1884), of Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Bourke, formerly of St. George's-place, Knightsbridge; but late of Cannes, who died on Jan. 10 last, was proved on June 22 by Philip Wellesley Colley, and Frederick Willis Farrar, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix gives annuities to her daughter Mary Celine Georgiana, and to her sister, Selina Georgiana Stables; her diamonds, books, pictures, and china to her daughter Frances Charlotte Mary, the wife of Viscount Gabrielle De Sello; and one or two other legacies. As to the residue of her personalty she leaves one half, upon trust, for her son James Adrian Bourke, and the other half, upon trust, for her daughter the Viscountess Gabrielle De Sello.

The Railway Clearing-House Athletic Club hold their annual meeting on July 7 at Stamford-bridge, Chelsea.

Mr. A. J. Newton and Mr. Alderman Gray have been chosen Sheriffs of London and Middlesex for the ensuing year.

The Inner Temple gardens will be open to children on Sunday afternoons for the rest of the summer, from half-past four to eight. The gardens will not be open on Saturdays.

The annual show of the Essex Agricultural Society was opened at Cranbrook Park, Ilford, on June 28. £1550 was offered in prizes, £200 of this being given by the president, Mr. James Theobald, M.P. The entries, numbering 722, were in excess of the average for the last ten years, although they were lower than the number at Chelmsford last year.

The annual general meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain was held in Willis's Rooms on June 23, the Duke of Norfolk, president of the union, being in the chair. The annual report, which gave a good account of the operations of the union during the past year, was unanimously adopted upon the motion of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, seconded by Mr. Wegg-Prosser. The Earl of Denbigh and Mr. John Young were re-elected treasurers. Among the speakers were the Bishop of Emtaus, the Earl of Denbigh, Sir Charles Clifford, Lord Herries, Mr. Alderman Stuart Knill, and Colonel Lenox Prendergast.



AT HENLEY REGATTA.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

Nineteenth Century.—Mr. Gladstone's revolving light of critical studies is again turned on the domain of ecclesiastical history; the Elizabethan "settlement of religion," which was only the settlement of the English Church Establishment, is the subject of his article, designed to prove the "legality" of the Reformation, while admitting that Nonconformists are the true heirs of the old English Puritans. Sir W. W. Hunter, a great authority on Indian statistics and on the social position of Mahomedans in India, presents a favourable view of Christian missionary efforts there. The injurious effect of too many picture exhibitions on the purity of Art is sternly denounced by Mr. Frederick Harrison; while Lord Armstrong reproves the undue expectation of manufacturing and commercial prosperity being restored by technical schools. Professor Tyndall, formerly scientific adviser to Government on light-houses, relates his experiences of official reluctance to adopt valuable inventions: he explains, more especially, that devised by Mr. J. R. Wigham, of Dublin, and put in use at Howth in 1863, which seems of the greatest value. The labour question, as it is regarded by orators in Trafalgar-square, is pleaded by Mr. H. Champion on behalf of the "New Labour Party." Mr. Walter Hammond records the steps taken for the abolition of slavery in Brazil. Lord Eustace Cecil attacks "the curse of the War Office," by which he means over-centralisation. Buddhism, as it exists in Ceylon, is examined by the Bishop of Colombo in a polemical spirit of disparagement. The French Ambassador, M. Waddington, continues his useful exposition of Local Government in France.

Contemporary Review.—"The Future of Religion," a question of grave anxiety to many who assume that it is dependent on human opinion, is discussed by M. Emile De Laveleye, an eminent foreign writer on problems of social welfare. The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers attacks Mr. Chamberlain as a dissident from the Gladstonian phalanx, while Professor Seeley advises the impartial study of politics. Mr. James Runciman exposes the faults of common school teaching, especially those of verbal and statistical cram, and of pedantic terminology, and the abuse of grammatical analysis. The Rev. Sir George Cox strongly censures the fantastic and unscriptural mythology in a certain favourite Church hymn-book. The ethical tendencies of modern science provoke the indignation of Miss Cobbe. Indian national congresses are regarded by Dr. R. Spencer Watson with sympathetic approval. Professor G. T. Stokes reviews some of the late researches in ecclesiastical history. There is an article by Lord Hobhouse, on the local taxation of rents in London; and one by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, on British interests in Africa.

Fortnightly Review.—An unsigned essay on "Our True Foreign Policy" insists on joining, with augmented naval and military forces, the alliance of the Central European Powers. The French Boulangist movement, "patriotic and anti-Parliamentary," is extolled by M. Henri Rochefort, a politician too well known. Ben Jonson's minor poems give employment to Mr. Algernon Swinburne's superlative terms of estimation in prose. The present aspect of Bulgaria, and the character of Prince Ferdinand, are described by Mr. J. D. Bourchier after a recent visit. On the witty and sceptical genius of Lucian, the Greek satirist contemporary with the Roman Antonines, Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a paper of some literary interest. Pawnbroking, in England and among foreign nations, a subject ably treated by Miss Mabel Robinson, has an important bearing on the condition of the poor. The lecture by Professor Dowden to the English Goethe Society, on Goethe's sojourn in Italy, is printed here. Colonel Frederick Maurice vindicates his narrative of the Egyptian campaign against the strictures in the *Edinburgh Review*. Students of mental philosophy may find something worth their notice in Mr. Edward Carpenter's remarks on "Custom," and in Mr. Herbert Spencer's on the basis of Kant's ethical doctrine.

National Review.—The state of our maritime defences is discussed by Sir Samuel Baker, who thinks we might have a volunteer fleet in aid of the Royal Navy. The Pan-Anglican Conference of Clergy at Lambeth is explained by the Rev. Morris Fuller, as in accordance with ecclesiastical traditions. Welsh Nonconformity is historically examined by Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., to show that it is on the decline. A scheme for superseding Civil Service pensions by compulsory Government life assurance is propounded by Mr. Edgar Bates. The management, resources, and benefits of Friendly Societies are reviewed by Mr. W. Greswell, who proposes that they should exert themselves to assist the emigration of the unemployed, and should become agencies of industrial colonisation. There are several articles of literary interest. One relates to Ibn Batoutah, the Moorish traveller in the fourteenth century, whose curious narrative, in Arabic, of his long wanderings in Africa and Asia deserves a new translation. Mr. J. D. Bourchier's description of the village of Beaconsfield and the home of Edmund Burke is a very good piece of writing. In a comparative analysis of "Gipsy Folk-Tales," Mr. F. H. Groome finds evidence that many Asiatic legends and myths were imported into Europe, and got into the popular literature of Western nations, by means of the Gipsies. Lady Jersey writes an account of the ancient silver mines of Laurium, in Attica, which yielded a revenue to the Republic of Athens under Pericles, and which are now again worked by a Greek and by a French company. Mr. Alfred Austin produces a tender poem of the song of the cuckoo in May, and of the drowning of a forlorn girl in the deep pool at the end of the field.

Blackwood's Magazine.—A reviewer of "Robert Elsmere" strenuously opposes the assumption that the orthodoxy of the Church of England cannot defend itself by effective arguments in the present state of knowledge. The story of "A Stiffnecked Generation" runs through several new chapters. There is a North Frisian island called "Sylt," off the coast of Holstein, and we suppose that very few Englishmen have ever heard of it; but it is said to have sent forth the Saxon warriors under "Hengist and Horsa," fourteen centuries ago, to their conquest of our own country. Sylt, now belonging to Prussia, has a little sea-bathing town called Westerland, which one would like to visit. The islanders, numbering three thousand, have a treasure of antique legends in their peculiar dialect, which is halfway between English and Low German. We are indebted to an anonymous contributor of *Blackwood's* for samples of this romantic lore. Mr. John Skelton, continuing his minute investigation of the conduct of Queen Mary Stuart, finds some reason to believe that she was the victim of actual force in her disgraceful connection with the ruffian Bothwell, after the murder of Darnley, in which crime she had passively acquiesced. The amateur of entomology has a treat provided for him in Mr. P. Hordern's account of certain Indian insects. Mr. Coutts Trotter's "Impressions of Australia" include a visit to the Fish River caves, with their beautiful stalactites, in the Blue Mountain region, near Sydney. An article on the Portuguese dominions in Eastern South Africa, the Delagoa Bay Railway, and the communication with the Transvaal is of some interest at this moment. The short tale of Scottish domestic life, called "An Elie Ruby," is agreeably told.

Murray's Magazine.—The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" begins a new story, which is entitled "The Reproach of Annesley." Mr. Lewis Morris, in his ballad of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, gives us rugged and lumbering couplets of lines fourteen or fifteen syllables long, which defy metrical reading, and in which the tale is not very effectively told. We prefer the imaginary narrative of a naval battle in the future, supposed to be related by the Commander of H.M.S. Majestic, ironclad turret-ship, of 12,000 tons, with engines of 12,000-horse power, running nearly twenty miles an hour, and armed with hundred-ton guns. "In a Conning Tower" is the title of this spirited sketch, which seems to be correct in its details of steam-ship movements and of modern gunnery: tremendous work it will be, with such mighty instruments of warfare, whenever it has to be done! The enemy's ship is finally sunk by ramming. This is followed by a pleasant description of the North Devon Coast and Exmoor, written by Mr. L. J. Jennings, M.P. The series of articles on the traffic working arrangements of the great Railway Companies is continued by Mr. W. M. Acworth, now dealing with the London, Brighton, and South Coast lines. Captain Shaw's practical advice on the protection of dwelling-houses from fire should have the consideration of builders. Anecdotes of the great public schools in the olden time of severe flogging and fagging and Latin, collected by Mr. R. J. Mackenzie, have a retrospective interest. Mr. A. M. Wakefield treats of the early history of English music. A humorous writer sets all the fish at a London fishmonger's talking with each other; and the ways of human anglers are discussed "from a salmon's point of view." Mr. Paul Cushing's "Just for the Fun of it," is an amusing bit of American social life.

Longman's Magazine.—The long story of "Eve" has reached its fiftieth chapter. The ostrich-farming business in South Africa, with the trade in ostrich feathers, is described by Mr. George Nathan. Miss E. Nesbit's "Two Lives" must be allowed to be true and high-toned poetry. "Bamborough Sands" is an agreeable little story by Mrs. Alfred Hunt. The common notion that savages have more powerful eyesight than civilised men is disputed by Mr. W. H. Hudson, who contends that their faculty of distinguishing some particular objects at a great distance is only the result of having been obliged to give more attention to objects of that kind. Mrs. Reeve's calculations of just economy in the cost of dress contain useful hints both to ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Grant Allen writes of the evolution of the camel by the effects of an animal's life in the desert. "Orthodox," by Miss Dorothea Gerard, is a story of Jews in Poland.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Lucian comes to the fore in this publication, as well as in the *Fortnightly*; and Mr. H. D. Traill's critical appreciation of that author, which had already been proved, is shown afresh in his article on a new translation of some of the Dialogues by Mr. Howard Williams. The continuation of Mr. Walter Pater's "Gaston de Latour," a biographical commentary on French provincial life in the sixteenth century, offers a complete picture of the old town of Chartres, with its noble cathedral. There is also an article on Jacques Tahureau, a French poet of that age. A memoir is supplied by Mr. R. D. Bell of the almost forgotten founder of St. Leonard's College, at the University of St. Andrew's—namely, the young Archbishop Alexander Stuart, an illegitimate son of King James IV., killed with his father on the field of Flodden. The Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., describes the Yosemite Valley and its Waterfalls. Captain H. M. Hozier descants on "England's Peril," and holds the singular opinion that it is to be lessened by constructing the Channel tunnel; because, he thinks, if we get more trade with the Continent, we shall get more wealth, and then we can afford increased naval and military forces to repel our Continental foes! A poem by the late Sir Francis Doyle, "Lord Rodney's Bantam Cock," recalls the droll anecdote of that gallant bird crowing through the din of a great battle on the poop of the Admiral's flag-ship. "Divisions of a Pedagogue" exhibit some comical blunders in schoolboy themes and translations. "The Lost Match" is a story of the cricket-field, neatly told.

Cornhill Magazine.—The wearisome disappointments of a briefless barrister waiting in chambers are related in a vein of ludicrous self-commiseration. Memoirs of Schopenhauer, the pessimist philosopher, have become rather a magazine bore. "The Dean's Sister" is an amusing hoax played on a dignified clergyman staying in Malta. In "A Celibate's Wife," likewise, a clerical person is the victim; but this is a tragical story. "Padding" must be scarce, one would think, when a few pages are filled with stale instances of typographical errors. But "Mammoth-hunting in Siberia" is an interesting topic, and is treated with evident knowledge. "One day" is a melodious and effective piece of verse. Mr. George Gissing proceeds with "A Life's Morning," and his stories are worth reading.

Temple Bar.—"From Moor Isles," by Miss Jessie Fothergill, and "The Rogue," by Mr. W. E. Norris, are far on their way; Lady Lindsay's "Caroline" is brought to a conclusion. These stories, when published in a complete form, may be noticed hereafter. "A Chapter on Proposals" is the commencement of the fictitious autobiography of a maiden lady. There is much interest in the romantic adventures of the Count De Benyowski, a Hungarian nobleman who joined the Poles against Russia, was captured and sent to Kamtschatka, but escaped by sea, visited the island of Formosa, afterwards went to Madagascar, and became the King of a barbarian nation, and was finally killed in a fight with the French. "The House of Percy" is a review of Mr. E. B. De Fonblanque's book on the history of that famous English noble family of the Northern Border.

Time.—The personal qualifications and conditions of the diplomatic service, as a regular profession, are explained by one of its members. Brief memorial tributes, by several writers, to the character of the late German Emperor, are followed by an account of Potsdam and the Prussian Kings and Princes. Mr. H. Schütz Wilson notices the performances of actresses in male parts. In a thoughtful essay on immortality, Professor Knight advances the interesting proposition that a belief in the pre-existence of the individual soul tends to support the faith in a future life, and that it has great moral and religious efficacy. Mademoiselle P. Blaze De Bury describes the state of French journalism before the Second Empire. The fatigues of the fashionable London season are discussed by Mr. Norman Pearson; the "bee-pastures of poetry," a collection of poetical sayings about bees, are fluttered over by Mr. Arthur Grant. Miss Amy Levy contributes a little tale of which the scene is laid at Prato, near Florence. The present dispute on the Sikkim frontier of India with Tibet is explained by Mr. J. Horton Ryley. A story of the Knights Templars, reminding us of some incidents in "Ivanhoe," is related by Mr. G. F. Underhill. Mr. E. Salmon examines the pleas for direct and express representation of the labouring classes in the House of Commons. "Kophetua the Thirteenth," Mr. Julian Corbett's strange political romance, draws to its consummation.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Here is a further instalment

of Professor W. Minto's historical tale, "The Mediation of Ralph Harelott." Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming treats learnedly, but pleasantly, of the ceremonial use of umbrellas among Asiatic nations, and thereby of pagoda canopies, and of aureoles or haloes around the heads of sacred persons. There are many illustrative engravings to this article; likewise to Mr. Outram Tristram's "Old Coaching Days," with Dick Turpin on the York road; and to the account of a rural hamlet near Liphook, in Hampshire. Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill contributes a memoir of William Hutton, of Birmingham, a local antiquary and judge of the local Small Debts Court. The frontispiece is an engraving of Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Johnson.

The excellent American magazines, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and others, maintain their high claims to public favour in England by the variety of instructive and entertaining literary matter which they contain, the beauty of their numerous wood-engravings, and the quantity of fresh information that they supply concerning topics both of the New World and of the Old World; but it is not possible, within our limited space, to enumerate their contents for this month. For the same reason, we can only mention "The Woman's World," "Atalanta," "Belgravia," "The Gentleman's Magazine," "The Atlantic Monthly," "Tinsley's Magazine," "The Argosy," "Cassell's Family Magazine," and "Myra's Journal of Fashion."

THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

The bright and interesting Exhibition organised by Mr. J. R. Whitley at Earl's Court has proved far and away the most attractive of the series of expositions opened in London this season. This success has been distinctly deserved. The art and industrial exhibits within the building, particularly the beautiful and extensive collection of sculpture, and the pictures, have never failed to be admired by the general public; and the scenic and musical charms of the tastefully-adorned gardens have yielded enjoyment every fine afternoon and evening since the opening. It only needed the addition of Caesar's Triumphant Procession, the Roman chariot-races and Roman sports in the Coliseum Arena (site last year of "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show"), and the illumination of the Borghese Gardens and the cosy Welcome Club and grounds at night on a comprehensive scale by Messrs. T. Brock and Co., and the glowing lights from countless Japanese lanterns in shrubs and trees, to crown the popularity of the Italian Exhibition.

In the Central Garden—gained through the large marquee in which the gay and debonair Sorrento singers and tarantella performers afford amusement—stands the remarkably well-painted panorama of the Roman Forum. Given a suitable sky overhead, this strikes the spectator as a marvellous example of scenic illusion, reflecting great credit on the clever artist, Cav. Liverani, who also painted the adjoining Italian Market Place. It is close by that the troupe of marionettes represent the Deluge, and dance the Excelsior Ballet with grotesque effect in the spacious theatre. We cross a bridge to reach the West Garden. Entering the canvas cave labelled the "Blue Grotto of Capri," we find ourselves within a model of the islet whose ultramarine beauties have to be seen by every visitor to the Bay of Naples. Near this Blue Grotto is the small building which shelters the diorama of Naples and Mount Vesuvius, another object of interest. Facing this is the Alpine Switchback Railway, a favourite form of recreation first brought into vogue in London on this same spot last year. The rush, the jerks, and the surprises of a trip down and up the undulating track of the "Switchback" apparently still yield huge delight to young people; but visitors must experience the novel sensations of a journey for themselves to judge of the effects of the "Switchback," which the Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud are said to have greatly enjoyed last summer. The Hunting Tent of the "Re Galantuomo" recalls the fact that Victor Emanuel, King of United Italy, was a great sportsman, and was never happier than when he was roughing it as a Nimrod. His Majesty's grandson, the Prince of Naples, as President of the Exhibition, will be certain to be warmly welcomed on his forthcoming visit to London; the Reception Committee, of which Colonel John T. North is the genial President, having already afforded proof of its graceful hospitality.

Grace to such agreeable open-air entertainment as may be obtained at the Garden Concert of the Italian Exhibition, London residents are becoming so attached to the healthy recreation of the Continental Volksgarten that it is safe to say London could not well do without these musical promenades now in summer-time. When night falls, and innumerable lamps and lanterns glimmer and glow on the lawns and in the foliage, and from the terrace of the Welcome Club can be heard the seductive strains of the last new valse by Strauss as played in the illuminated orchestra, the enchanting scene is like Fairyland, and the brilliant gardens are left with regret.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT NOTTINGHAM.

The Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which opens at Nottingham on Saturday, July 7, will be the largest that the society has held since the International Show at Kilburn in 1879. The show of implements and machinery in motion will be upon a larger scale than last year, with 10,743 ft. of shedding, as against 8217 ft.; but this is not to be regarded as an unmixed advantage, for this section of the show is too unwieldy as it is to be of so much practical benefit as it might be. There will be a small show of poultry as well; but the chief attraction outside the live-stock section will be the working dairy, with the trials in butter and cheese making, and the horse-shoeing competitions—a new feature which has been borrowed from the Bath and West of England Society. There will also be displays of bee-driving, and lectures on bee-driving and the management of bees; but the exhibition of fruit and vegetables, which was included in the programme of the week at one of the preceding shows, has unfortunately been abandoned.

Mr. S. Jerrard concluded his series of dramatic recitals at Steinway Hall, on Saturday afternoon, June 30.

Lady Dalby distributed the prizes to the successful pupils of the School for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb on July 5. The annual meeting and a short examination of the pupils was held previous to the distribution.

The fifteenth annual conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute, which was founded in 1868, and incorporated by Royal charter in 1882, took place on June 28 in the Albert Hall. There was a large attendance of eminent colonists, who met in the arena, and discoursed of the strength of England's real "auxiliary forces"—her Colonies. The band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry performed during the evening in the hall, and that of the Coldstream Guards (Chatham division) in the conservatory. Many distinguished guests came to meet their brethren from across the seas, and a pleasant and thoroughly fraternal evening was spent under excellent auspices.

ABBOTSFORD.

If the most interesting spot on English ground is the birth-place of Shakspeare, Abbotsford, which Scott loved so well, and where he breathed his last, is the most attractive spot in Scotland to all lovers of literature. The house is not noble as a building, neither is the situation one of great beauty. Moreover, such beauty as it does possess is not fully visible to the tourist, who enters the mansion by a back door, is ushered through the show-rooms, and then departs without gaining what is most to be desired—a general impression of the place. Curious objects—some of them historically interesting, and many of them of doubtful authenticity—may have, indeed, their special value; but those of us who love and honour the great Master of the House do not go to it chiefly for the purpose of seeing the curiosities with which the rooms are crowded. Napoleon's first blotting-book and pen-tray, a piece of Queen Mary's dress, Persian sabres, Indian daggers, Russian muskets and snuff-boxes innumerable, are worth looking at, perhaps; but they tell us nothing of Sir Walter, nor, indeed, are we sure in all cases that they passed through his hands. In the catalogue edited by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, the great-grandchild of the founder of Abbotsford, there are many objects closely associated with the poet's life. Every eye will rest with interest on his own writing-table and chair; on the miniatures exchanged before their marriage by Sir Walter and Lady Scott; on Montrose's sword, and on Rob Roy's gun and old Highland sporran—on any curiosity or picture, indeed, which had a special value in the owner's eyes. At the same time, these cherished treasures are not Abbotsford, and they do not satisfy the imaginative craving of which most of us are conscious on entering a house so memorable. A young American poetess expressed a common feeling when she wrote:—

I'd stand where sceptred kings have stood,
Or kneel where slaves have knelt,
Till, wrapt in magic solitude,
I feel what they have felt.

But in all cases in which we strive to bring before the mind's eye what has passed away, there is a sense of inadequacy and dissatisfaction. This is especially felt by the tourist after a guide-directed inspection of Sir Walter's home. To feel the emotion the spot may well call forth, the pilgrim should be free to gaze on the building from the grounds which Scott loved so well, to walk or ride through the woods he planted, as the Great Magician was wont to do with Tom Purdie; or to listen while loitering on the terrace to the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, the last and sweetest sound Sir Walter heard on earth.

In the spirit we can do this if we are not allowed thus to wander over Scott's domain in the flesh, and, as we do so, how many strange thoughts—half melancholy, half joyful—fill the mind! The greatest mistake of Scott's life—is it too much to say his single and signal folly?—is associated with Abbotsford, and may be traced to his proud wish to found a family: the noblest act of his life was the manly courage with which he met the difficulties Abbotsford brought upon him. His weakness was the source, ultimately, of his greatest strength; and, as Mr. Hutton finely says, "like the headland stemming a rough sea, he was gradually worn away, but never crushed." In misfortune Scott was strong; in his unbounded prosperity his winning sweetness of nature won all hearts. This great man of genius had not a trace of meanness, of jealousy, of ignoble vanity. He was one of the manliest of men, and had a heart open as the day to all kindly influences. "Sir Walter talks to us," said a poor person, "as if we were all blood-relations"; and when his great losses came, not a servant in the house but was ready to take his share in the change of circumstances. Here was the most popular author of the century, and, next to Shakspeare, perhaps the most famous in our literature, proving by example the absurd fallacy of Thomas Moore that genius is incompatible with domestic happiness. The nonsense is still echoed in our day; and only recently it has been implied in a journal of some reputation that if Burns had been a moral man, he would not have been so great a poet; that it was for the benefit of the world and in the proper order of things, that he should have neglected duty and yielded to sensual gratifications. Burns was far too just and honest to deceive himself in this way, and acknowledged, with genuine sorrow, that

Thoughtless folly laid him low,
And stained his name.

Scott's name was unstained, but this did not diminish his sympathy or render less forcible his representation of character. With the fine imagination of a poet, he had the steady perseverance of a man of business. While living so much in the past, he did not lose his hold of the present, and the versatility of his genius was none the less wonderful because he was never known to fall drunk in the gutter like Sheridan, or to give way to the grossest excesses as Lord Byron did at Venice.

There is often a flaw in the character of a great literary benefactor which tempers our admiration of his genius. The imperial imagination of Milton dazzles us with its splendour; but, while we reverence the poet's purity and loftiness of aim, we cannot forget his sourliness as a controversialist, his unkindness to his first wife, and his harsh conduct as a father. Scott's life, on the contrary, had in it a daily beauty. It is almost as delightful to read what Lockhart relates about him as to read what he has himself written. In both the works and the biography there are the same fine qualities of graciousness and loftiness of tone. Scott was pre-eminently a gentleman, not by birth alone, but by nature; and in his novels there is at once masculine strength and the refinement that rejects with a poet's sense of fitness all subjects unsuitable for art. With what contempt and loathing his healthy nature would have regarded the theory and practice of some living novelists of the French school whose "realism" panders to whatever in human nature is impure, unlovely, and of foul report!

In reading ordinary novels the feelings are often unduly excited, but in the highest creations of genius there is a moderation that prevents an excess of emotion. The time spent on authors like Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, and Cervantes, is a mental and moral gain. They widen our horizon, deepen our sense of beauty, and fill our lives with some of the wealth that has enriched their own. And this is what Scott does in abundant measure. It is one end of all art to give delight; but it is not the sole end, and Sir Walter's works may be justly said to "inbreed and cherish" in the hearts of all who read them "the seeds of virtue and nobility."

Therefore, if the reader cannot go to Abbotsford to recall on the spot where he died the memory of Scotland's worthiest son, let him read once more the glorious books he has left behind him. His manly art as a poet affords a fine contrast to the eccentric verse-making, too familiar now-a-days, which revels in obscurity and in fantastic forms alien to the spirit of the language; his consummate genius as a writer of romance is beyond praise and beyond rivalry. Truly does Sara Coleridge say that the Waverley novels fill a place in literature which they have entirely to themselves. Assuredly there are few imaginative prose works we could not part with more readily.

J. D.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

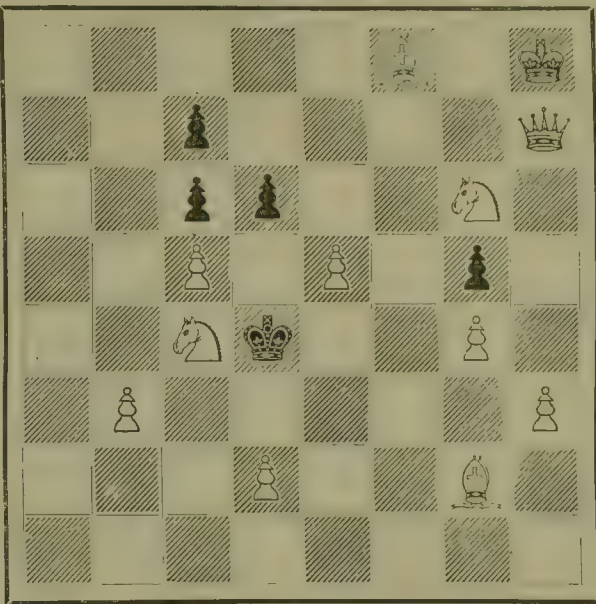
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
H. B. NEDHAM (Rosedale).—We are much obliged for your letter and inclosed slips. The game is very acceptable.
GUSTAV MONSIEUR (Windsor).—Delayed, but not forgotten. It shall appear next week or week after.
PERCY ANDREA (Clapham).—You have not considered Black's defence of 1. Kt to Q 5th.
SHADFORTH, COLUMBUS, AND OTHERS.—In reply to 1. R to Kt 6th or 1. P to R 4th, Black can play 1. Kt to Q 5th, &c.
C. E. P.—Look at the position again, and you will discover there is no mate in three moves by your proposed route.
CONRAD FOULGER (Bostrof, South Africa).—We willingly comply with your request, and will write to you on the subject.
J. DIXON.—Your problem is neat in idea; but have you not overlooked that your solution is defeated by 1. B to R 3rd?
G. C. HAYWOOD.—We shall look forward to the promised particulars.
W. S.—We really cannot inform you. Apply to the editor of the magazine in question.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2307 received from F. R. Keough, St. Paul (Minn.); of No. 2308 from F. R. Keough and H. B. (Bombay); of No. 2309 from Lance-Corporal P. Edwards (Danikhet, India), and H. B. (Bombay); of No. 2301 from G. Hewitt (Middle Colaba, India), and T. Mann (New York); of No. 2302 from A. Wheeler, An Old Lady (Pareon, U.S.A.), and T. Mann (New York); of No. 2303 from Odham Club and A. W. Hamilton Gell; of No. 2306 from A. Wheeler, W. H. D. (Woburn), J. T. Pullen, J. W. Plant, J. A. Schmucke, Lieut.-Col. Lorraine, W. Shaw (Sheffield), A. W. Hamilton Gell, John Graves, C. Harper, and W. W.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2307 received from L. Desanges, Dr. F. S., Dawn, R. H. Brooks, Jupiter Junior, Rev. Winfield Cooper, L. Wynan, E. Casella (Paris), Hereward, T. Roberts, Julia Shore, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. F. N. Banks, E. Shawwood, H. Lucas, L. Gaud, Thomas Chown, Major Prichard, W. R. Radford, J. R. Neuman (East sheen), J. Hepworth Shaw, T. G. (Ware), D. Walz (Heidelberg), E. E. H., D. McCoy, R. Worries (Canterbury), F. Drew, and J. Dixon.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2305.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q 2nd
2. P to B 3rd (ch)
3. Q mates.
If Black play 1. B to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to K 2nd (ch), &c.; if 1. Q to R sq, then 2. Kt to B 7th, &c.; if 1. Kt to Q 4th, then 2. R takes P (ch), &c. This problem cannot be solved by 1. K to Kt 2nd, as many correspondents propose; but the author has overlooked the effect of 1. B takes Kt, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2309.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT CLIFTON.

Game played in the Clifton Chess Club between the Rev. J. POLLOCK and Mr. N. ERDDEX.
(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. P takes P	P takes P
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	23. R to K Kt 3rd	K to R 2nd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. Q R to K B sq	Q to Q 4th
4. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	Black's position calls for the closest attention; if R to K B sq, R to K sq, and White gets a check with the Rook at K 7th.	
5. Q takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd	25. R takes P	
6. B to Q B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	A bold stroke, nevertheless, unsound; if Black take the Rook, then 26. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), and wins.	
7. Q to Q 5th	Q to K 2nd	26. R to K Kt sq	
8. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	By this clever reply Black gets the better game.	
9. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd	26. R to R 6th (ch)	
10. B takes Kt	B takes B	Desperation. If 26. R to R 7th (ch), K takes R, 27. R to B 6th (ch), K to R 2nd, and White's attack is over.	
11. Q to Q 4th	Q to K 4th	27. Q to K 3rd (ch)	K takes R
12. Q to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	28. R to B 6th (ch)	R to Kt 4th
13. P to K B 4th	R to K 2nd	29. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
14. Castles	R to Kt 2nd	If R covers, then R to R 6th (ch), and mates next move.	
15. B to Q 2nd	Castles, K R	and Black wins.	
16. Q R to K sq	K R to K sq		
17. P to B 5th	B takes Kt		
18. B takes B	Q takes P		
19. Q to R 3rd	Q takes Q B P		
20. Q R to Q B sq	Q to K 5th		
21. R to K B 3rd			

A difficult move to answer.
21. P to K R 4th
The only satisfactory reply on the board.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware, between Mr. T.— and Mr. F. N. BRAUND.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. R to K 2nd	Q to Kt 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th	24. P to K 6th	
A move frequently played by Mr. Bird, which rarely fails to bring about interesting situations.			
4. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	24. White gives up a Pawn for a short-lived attack, and weakens his position for the end-game.	
5. P to Q B 3rd		25. R to K 5th	B takes P
Castles is the correct continuation, the next move appears to lose time.			
6. P to Q Kt 4th	B to B 4th	26. B to B 5th	Q to Kt 2nd
7. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 3rd	27. P to Kt 5th	K to Q 2nd
8. B to B sq	Q to Kt 4th	28. R takes B	B takes B
9. P takes P	Q to B 3rd	29. R to B 2nd	K R to K Kt sq
10. B takes B	B takes P	30. R takes B P	P to R 6th
11. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes B	31. P takes P (ch)	P takes K Kt P
12. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	32. R to Kt 4th	Q takes P
13. P to Q R 3rd	P to B 3rd	33. K R takes P	Q to R 3rd
14. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	A slip; but White has under any circumstances the inferior game; if Q R takes P, the following is a probable continuation:—33. Q R takes P, Q to K 6th; 34. P to Q 4th, K R to Kt sq; 35. R to Kt 7th, K to Kt 3rd; 36. R to Kt 2nd; K to B 3rd; 37. R to Kt 4th, R to Kt 5th, and Black has some advantage.	
15. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd	33. K to R sq	Q to K 6th (ch)
16. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 4th	35. R takes R	R takes R
17. B to Q 3rd	P to R 5th	36. R to Kt 7th	Q takes R P
18. Castles	Kt to R 4th	37. P to B 4th	Q to K 5th (ch), and wins.
19. R to R 2nd	Kt to B 5th		
20. Kt to K 2nd	P to K Kt 4th		
21. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		

The handicap at the British Chess Club has made considerable progress during the past week, and the closing struggle has now commenced. Owing to Mr. Blackburne's absence on a professional tour he has only completed three games; but as he is an admirable tourney-player it is quite on the cards that he will take a prominent place in the final score. When we went to press the following were the scores:—Wainwright, 10; Bird, 9½; Mortimer, 6½; Gunsberg, 5½; Gattie, 5; Michael, 4½; Jettley, 4½; Pollock, 4; Ingoldsbey, 4; Wyman, 4; Nelson, 2½; Blackburne, 2; Alderson, 1.

The programme of the British Chess Association meeting at Bradford, on Aug. 6, has now been issued. The matches include a masters' tournament, to which the principal foreign players are invited; the amateur championship contest for the Newnes Challenge Cup; the Yorkshire championship, and the Ruskin and Tennyson contests. The Yorkshire County Chess Club co-operate with the B.C.A. in the arrangements of the congress, and a very successful gathering is expected. The entries close on Aug. 3; and application should be made to L. Hoffer, British Chess Club, King-street, Covent-garden. Amongst the visitors expected is Mr. Loyd, the famous American problem composer.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Gowns for Henley, this season, are made much less, generally, than is usual for that event, of the positive "washing materials." The weather, variable and dull, is to blame for this, not the dictates of fashion. Dressmakers have a large stock of cottons in hand; but to order a zephyr or a muslin gown when the skies were so heavy and the winds so cold as they have been on four out of every six days, so far, during this phenomenal "midsummer," would have required the exercise of more than common imagination and faith. Summer, forsooth! It is "midsummer," as Lord Brougham once said an unpopular Duke was noble—"according to the usages of speech of this country, and not according to reality." Hence, the charming delaines, lace and muslin striped fabrics, cambrics and zephyrs prepared by the manufacturers have been comparatively neglected. Soft silks and the more dressy woollen materials are having a great run, in consequence. Silk, however thin, is much warmer than cotton, and a great deal better as a protection from the wind; it is a preservative of the natural warmth, owing to its nonconducting the animal electricity. Experience teaches us this, and there is a sense of protection against possibilities in a mervueilleux, or even a poncee, or a foulard gown, that cotton cannot give. Many of the sateens and faced muslins—delaines, mousselines-de-soie, &c.—are so beautifully designed and finished this season as almost to look like silk, but the temperature has been too much against them for them to be used. Hence, they are likely to be sold very cheaply at the summer sales which are now upon us; and at the same time they cannot fail to be again fashionable next summer, since the large stocks in hand cannot possibly be got rid of; so that it will be the part of wise economy to lay in a few dress pieces of these materials, either for the possible bright days of the autumn or for yet more distant sunshine and warmth.

Amongst the Henley gowns; a very successful one was in steel-grey alpaca mohair, with trimmings of green watered-silk and white lace. There was a Directoire coat of the grey alpaca, with revers of green watered silk and a vest of grey alpaca laid in tiny pleats on either side of two central gathered lace frills, which went right down the middle of the vest. The skirt over which this coat opened was in alternate panels of the green silk and the alpaca, each panel of alpaca being almost covered with a series of narrow gathered flouncings of lace. A foulard, with a biscuit-coloured ground dotted with tiny clusters of rosebuds, was made up very prettily into a full, and almost plain, skirt, reaching to a high-waisted Empire bodice, the sleeves of which were puffed, while the narrow vest appearing between the folds, from shoulder to waist, of the foulard, as also the wide sash finishing off the waist, and the tight cuffs into which the sleeves were gathered, were all of pale green poul-de-soie. A simple gown was in a material of which many variations on the one idea may be seen this season—viz., alternate transparent stripes and close ones, each about two inches wide. In this case, the contrasting stripes were white Madeira work and watered silk ribbon, made up over a white foundation, with bodice of black and white striped silk. Another simple and pretty toilette was a black foulard with white lightning stripes over it, the front of the skirt put on a little full and longer than the back, and then caught up about the knee to the proper length by a broad scarf of white silk, which started at the right hip, passed round so as to make the drapery as described, and finished in a long loop and ends at the left hip; the back was very full, but undraped, and the bodice a plain coat one with white vest. White serge and white nun's veiling with ribbons of various colours, composed many effective dresses.

Hats are now being worn almost invariably big-brimmed and flat-crowned. Never was a disappearance more sudden and complete than that of the tall-crowned turned-up-brimmed hats of the past few seasons. The trimming all being piled on the top of the new hats, however, the difference in the general outline is not so great as might be pre-supposed. The brims are most diverse in shape; in fact, they may be bent about and caught up just as becomes the wearer's face, while perfectly straight round brims turned up nowhere but at the extreme back are equally correct. Flowers and ribbon or tulle or crêpe bars are almost exclusively employed for trimming; feathers are not used on hats, and rarely on bonnets. Roses appear to be the favourite flowers. Brims are frequently lined with the tulle or China crêpe used for the outer trimming; and long scarves of the same or ends of the ribbon that forms the bars often hang down at the back, and are either left so or drawn round the throat and knotted in front loosely, as may be most becoming to the wearer. The newest and for the moment the most fashionable kind of straw for hats is that called crenoline. A chapeau of one coloured crenoline is often lined with another, so thin and pliable is this extremely fine straw. Thus a black crenoline hat has the brim lined with white crenoline, and this is shown by the brim being caught up to the crown at both sides; yellow roses in two shades and black ribbon bows form the trimming, and ends of the black ribbon are loosely drawn round to the front.

The long Directoire handles to parasols are in great favour, and one or two ladies have even appeared in the park with tall thick sticks in lieu of simply having long-handled *en tout cas*. A posse of bridesmaids the other day, who wore Directoire coats of white silk with heliotrope moiré sashes over white lace skirts, had their costumes finished off by carrying long white sticks with their bouquets of pink and white roses tied on the top by means of heliotrope moiré ribbon, from which long streamers depended. Smocking, as fashionable as ever for gowns, has extended its empire to parasols, the newest being of soft silk elaborately honeycombed towards the top, with the edges fringed out and hanging all round very loose.

The periodical attempt to turn married women teachers out of their employment was made at the London School Board recently, and failed as ignominiously as it deserved, the mover, Mr. Dillon, finding only two persons to vote with him as against twenty-seven opponents of the proposal. The unjustifiable and causeless character of the motion may be judged from this overwhelming majority, which ought likewise to permanently settle the question and prevent the married mistresses being periodically harassed by such a motion in future. The fact is that a very large proportion of the best and most successful teachers under the Board are married women. When I was a member of the Board, I once, in order to crush this vexatious perennial motion for the dismissal of mothers from the teaching staff, showed that every mistress mentioned as a model teacher that year by the inspectors was, without a single exception, married. The reasons for this are not difficult to perceive. The married women are, as a whole, the elder teachers, and, therefore, the more experienced; they have that special management for and sympathy with all children that the touch of her own baby's lips gives to a true woman; and they are likely to be more settled to their duty than the young single ones, having drawn their lot in the great chance of a woman's life, and found that it includes for them the desirability of wage-earning. For these reasons, the married women teachers ought to form a large proportion of the best mistresses in our schools; and, as a fact, they do so.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER

SKETCHES AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

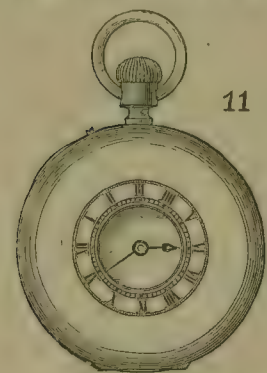


1. The Roman Forum and Market-place.
5. Interior of the Blue Grotto.

2. The Switchback Railway.
6. The Marionette Theatre.

3. The Garden Concert.
7. The Neapolitan Mandoline Concert.

4. Entrance to the Blue Grotto of Capri.
8. King Victor Emmanuel's Hunting Tent.

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The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines and gin or old whisky, largely diluted with seltzer-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" are

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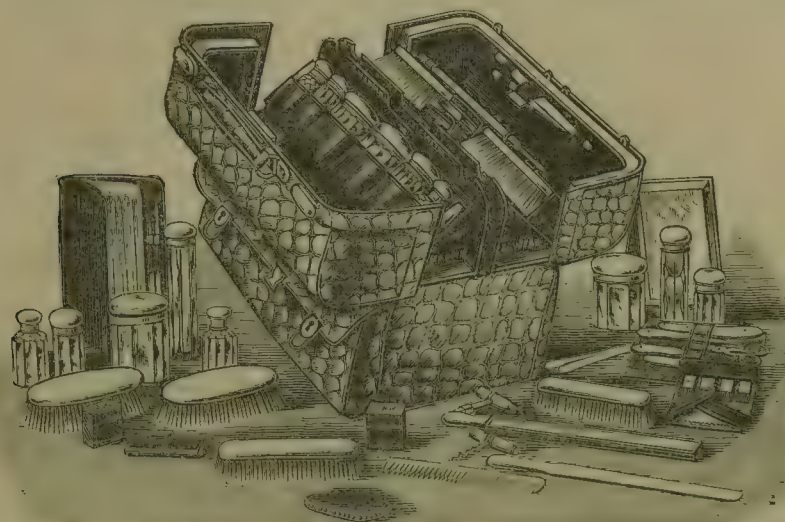
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LATE CAPTAIN H. B. URMSTON, 6TH PUNJAUB INFANTRY.
KILLED ON THE PUNJAUB FRONTIER.

DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

At the recent election to the Mastership of Downing College, Dr. Alexander Hill, M.A., M.D., Fellow of the College, was chosen to succeed Professor Birkbeck, Q.C. The new Master was born in 1856, and is a son of Mr. John Hill, of Torrington-park, Finchley. He entered as a pensioner at Downing College in October, 1874, and was subsequently elected a foundation scholar. He graduated in the Natural Sciences Tripos of 1877, obtaining a first class for proficiency in botany, zoology, and comparative anatomy, human anatomy, and physiology. After taking his B.A. degree he devoted himself to medicine and surgery. He has upon two occasions filled the office of Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons; is demonstrator of anatomy and teacher of physiology in the University; has acted as an examiner for the M.B. examinations at Cambridge and for the Natural Sciences Tripos; and is also examiner in anatomy to the University of Glasgow. He is author of a work entitled "The Plan of the Central Nervous System," and has contributed to the medical journals.

Our Portrait of the new Master of Downing College is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.



STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON AT ABERDEEN.

ABERDEEN STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON.

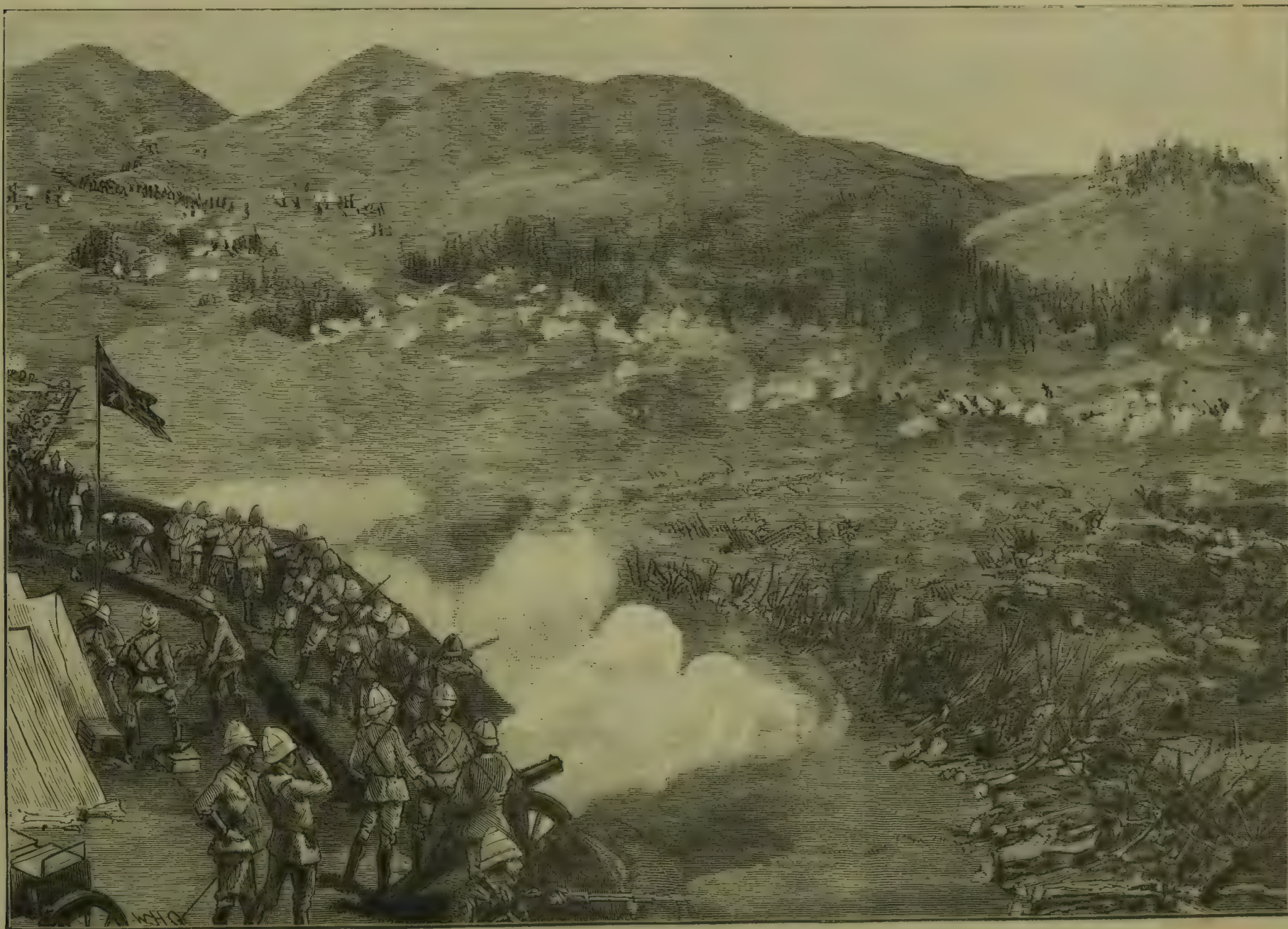
The monument erected in front of Robert Gordon's College at Aberdeen, to the memory of the late General C. G. Gordon, whose death in the heroic defence of Khartoum has excited so much public feeling, was unveiled on June 16 by the Marquis of Huntly, as head of "the Gordon clan." It is a fine bronze statue, the sculptor of which was the late Mr. Stuart Burnett, A.R.S.A., and which was cast by Mr. Adam Walker at Sir John Steell's foundry in Edinburgh. The figure of



DR. ALEXANDER HILL, M.D.,
THE NEW MASTER OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

General Gordon is 9 ft. 6 in. in height, and it stands on a pedestal of granite 9 ft. high. The Art Gallery and Museum, and Gray's School of Art, adjacent to the building of Gordon's College, are situated in the new square adorned by this monument. The late Lord Provost, Mr. Matthews, of Springhill, co-operated zealously with Lord Huntly and the committee of gentlemen who obtained subscriptions for this work; and Lord Provost Henderson, with Mr. Gordon of Newton and others, took part in the proceedings at its formal dedication. Among those present was General Man, of the Egyptian Army, who had served under General Gordon both in China and in the Soudan.

The Revenue Returns for the first quarter of the financial year show a net increase of £265,033 compared with the corresponding quarter of last year. There are decreases of £465,000 in property and income-tax, and £20,000 in house duty; but these are more than counterbalanced by large increases in the revenue from stamps, customs, excise, the telegraph service, Crown lands, and miscellaneous sources. For the year ended Saturday, June 30, the net decrease was £332,024.



THE WAR IN SIKKIM: ATTACK BY THE TIBETANS ON THE CAMP AT GNATONG.
SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. HEYMAN, 2ND BATTALION DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT.

THE WAR IN SIKKIM.

The British and Indian troops in the mountainous region of Sikkim, north of Bengal, are opposed to a force of Tibetan invaders in and about the Jalap Pass. It is stated that the immediate cause of the attack was a letter addressed to the leaders, informing them that the oracle of Naioang, near Lhasa, had prophesied victory if the attack were delivered between the 11th and 15th days of the third Tibetan month, corresponding with May 21 and 25. After a council of war the force marched in two bodies, one by the Jalap and the other by the Pembyring Pass. Having reached the low Tukola ridge, between Gnatong and the Jalap, the Tibetans formed into three columns, one to make a front attack, and the other two to advance along the spurs flanking the Gnatong position. These worked round to the end of the jungle ridge, north of the camp. Here several men crept through the wood upon a picket of the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), which retired, but not before it had shot the Tibetan leader, a giant of 6ft. 7in. The Tibetans now came down in large numbers on the north-eastern face of the camp. It was defended by some of the pioneers and by a company of the Derbyshire Regiment. The assailants crept through the jungle, availing themselves of cover, until they occupied a front of 500 yards, within a distance of 200 to 500 yards from our intrenchment. Here they opened a hot fire from both rifles and matchlocks, and dropped slugs and bullets among our ranks and through our tents. One man crept up to within 300 yards of our position, and kept up for at least half an hour a most galling, though ineffectual, fire, completely enfilading one face of our camp. It required a round of case and a section of Pioneers to dislodge him. Meantime, the fire from a wooded hill in front had become so heavy that a half-company of

the Derbyshire Regiment, under Lieutenant Iggulden, was sent round to take the men holding it in flank. The half-company worked right round the valley, and became hotly engaged, losing Sergeant Leckington, who was shot through the head. This diversion had the effect of checking the Tibetans' fire, obliging them to retire up the hill; and they seemed to lose a good many men killed and wounded. The enemy was now inclined to retreat, and another half-company of the Derbyshire Regiment and a party of the 32nd went out under Captain Gossett. These detachments, joining hands with the remainder of the Derbyshire Regiment, worked up the valley between the hills, driving before them the retiring enemy among the trees and jungle. The Tibetans, in full retreat, as they crossed the Tukola were fired into by the guns, which made admirable practice at 2500 yards, bursting a shrapnel shell among a large party. Our troops took some prisoners, mostly wounded, and the enemy's loss must be close upon 200 in killed and wounded. They were pursued nearly two miles by the Derbyshire Regiment and by Colonel Bromhead's Sikhs. Our loss amounted to three men killed and eight wounded. The men engaged were the flower of the Tibetan army, and many came from Chumboo, beyond Lhasa. The road from the Tukola to Nimla is strewn with the arms, blankets, and bundles of the retreating force. The position at Gnatong has since been strongly fortified, and the latest news, to June 26, is that the Tibetans seem disinclined to make a further attack. Our Illustration of the conflict is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. Heyman, of the Derbyshire Regiment.

The Great Hall at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition is looking very bright just now, the figures in the Court group having been bedecked in some costly new dresses.

THE LATE CAPTAIN H. B. URMSTON.

Two distinguished officers of the Indian Native Army, Major Battye, of the 5th Ghorkas, and Captain Urmston, of the 6th Punjab Infantry, were killed in June, with six of their men, near the Oghi outpost in the Agror valley, to the north of Abbotabad, being suddenly attacked by a large body of Akozais, a Black Mountain tribe. Captain Urmston, who lost his life in attempting to rescue his wounded comrade, was eldest son of Colonel H. Brabazon Urmston, of Ardenlee, Maidstone. He was educated at Winchester College, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, but entered the Army in 1871, and joined the 14th Foot till he was qualified for the Indian Staff Corps. After passing the higher standard examinations in two native languages, he was appointed to the Frontier Force (2nd Sikh Regiment), and soon became Adjutant of the 6th Punjab Infantry. He served throughout the Jowaki Campaign, on the Afghan border, receiving a medal, and was mentioned in the General's despatches for his able military surveys and sketches. In the Afghan War of 1879 he was selected by Sir Frederick Roberts for the duties of transport officer with the Kuram Force, and received another medal. In 1885 Captain Urmston was attached to the intelligence branch of the Army at head-quarters, Simla; and in 1886 he was appointed by the Government of India to escort a mission of Japanese officers through India to examine our chief military stations and arsenals, and the organisation of our Army.

Sir Coutts Lindsay has been induced to hold an Exhibition of Pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery, during the autumn, on account of the increasing importance of that branch of art. The exhibition will open on Saturday, Oct. 20, and the receiving days will be Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 1 and 2.

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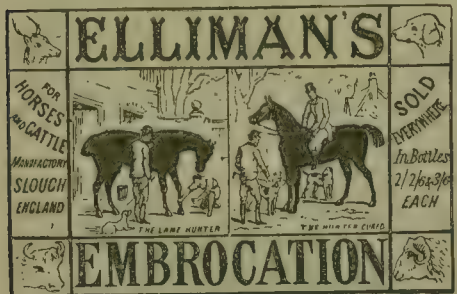
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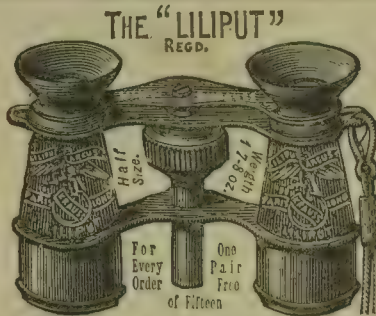
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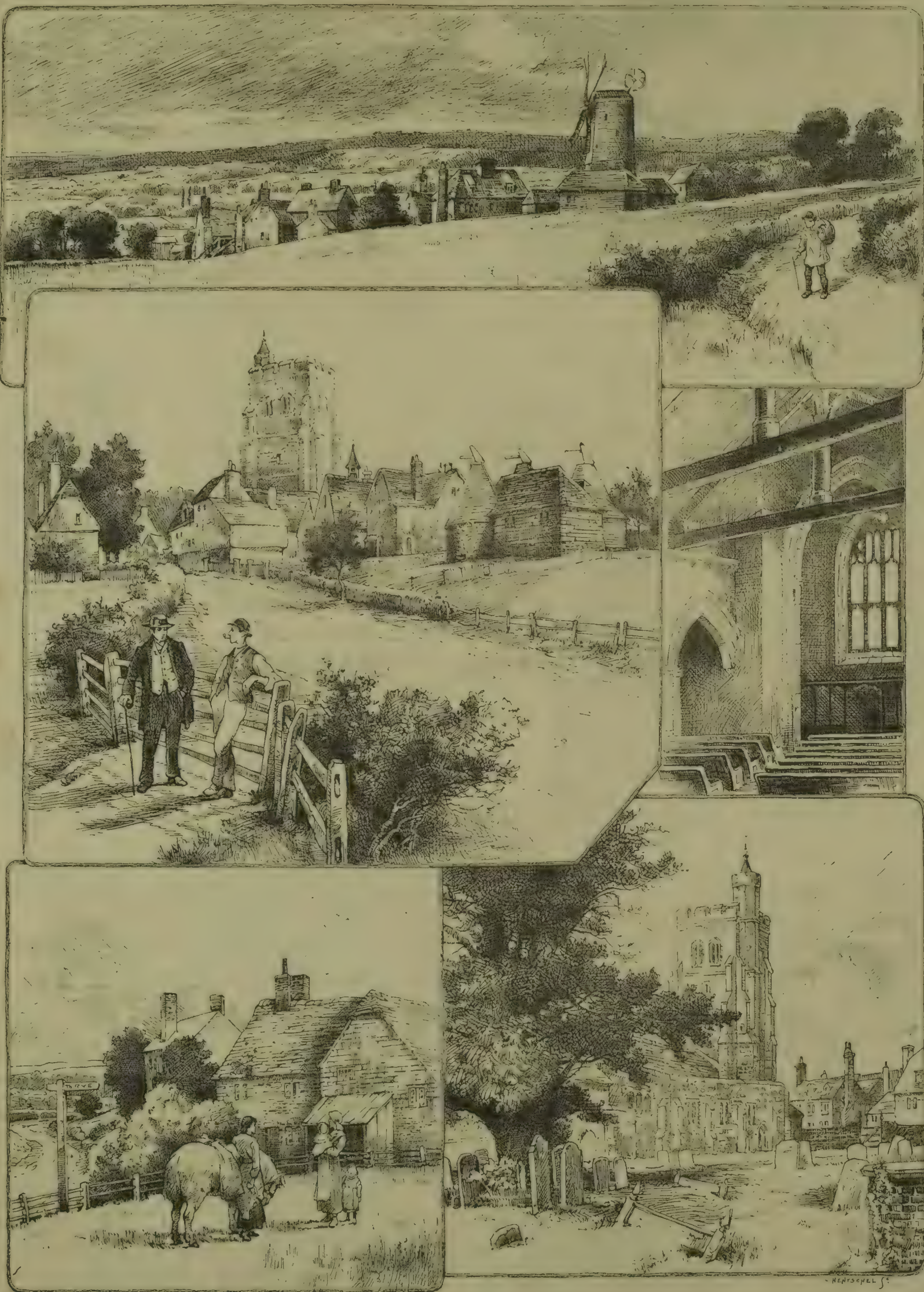


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RAMBLING SKETCHES: A DESERTED VILLAGE—WITTERSHAM, KENT.

The "Rambling Sketches" published this week were taken at Wittersham, a small village in the south-west corner of Kent, almost on the border-line between that county and Sussex. It is in the centre of the "Isle of Oxney," an elevated tract of land, containing Wittersham and two other parishes, between two branches of the little river Rother. In its prosperous days Wittersham was a wealthy place, as may be inferred from the size of the beautiful old church, which stands high above the village, a conspicuous landmark for miles round. One Boner, a "spicer and mercer" of Wittersham, was a thorn

in the side of the Mayor of Wye in Henry VI.'s time. He insisted upon "hawking with spices" about the streets of Wye in spite of the Mayor's frequent warnings, and was punished at last by the forfeiture of his stock and a fine. The grants of lands and marshes to parishioners of Wittersham under the Lancastrian Kings indicate that the old commune was in a happier condition in the Middle Ages than it is at present. The agricultural folk had their village plays. The "players of Wittersham," the "players of Romney," the "players of Herne," and other little local commonwealths of

East Kent, used to visit the towns and exhibit their "plays" at Whitsuntide. The "Play of the Passion," as rendered by the ancestors of the Wittersham agricultural population four centuries ago, was doubtless akin to the still extant Passion plays of Ober-Ammergau and other villages in Germany.

The whole village, with its still increasing number of empty houses, wears a sleepy and decayed look, and has changed its condition sadly since the Middle Ages, when it formed the centre of a rich and flourishing parish. But the view, seen from any point of the compass, is very picturesque. It is so

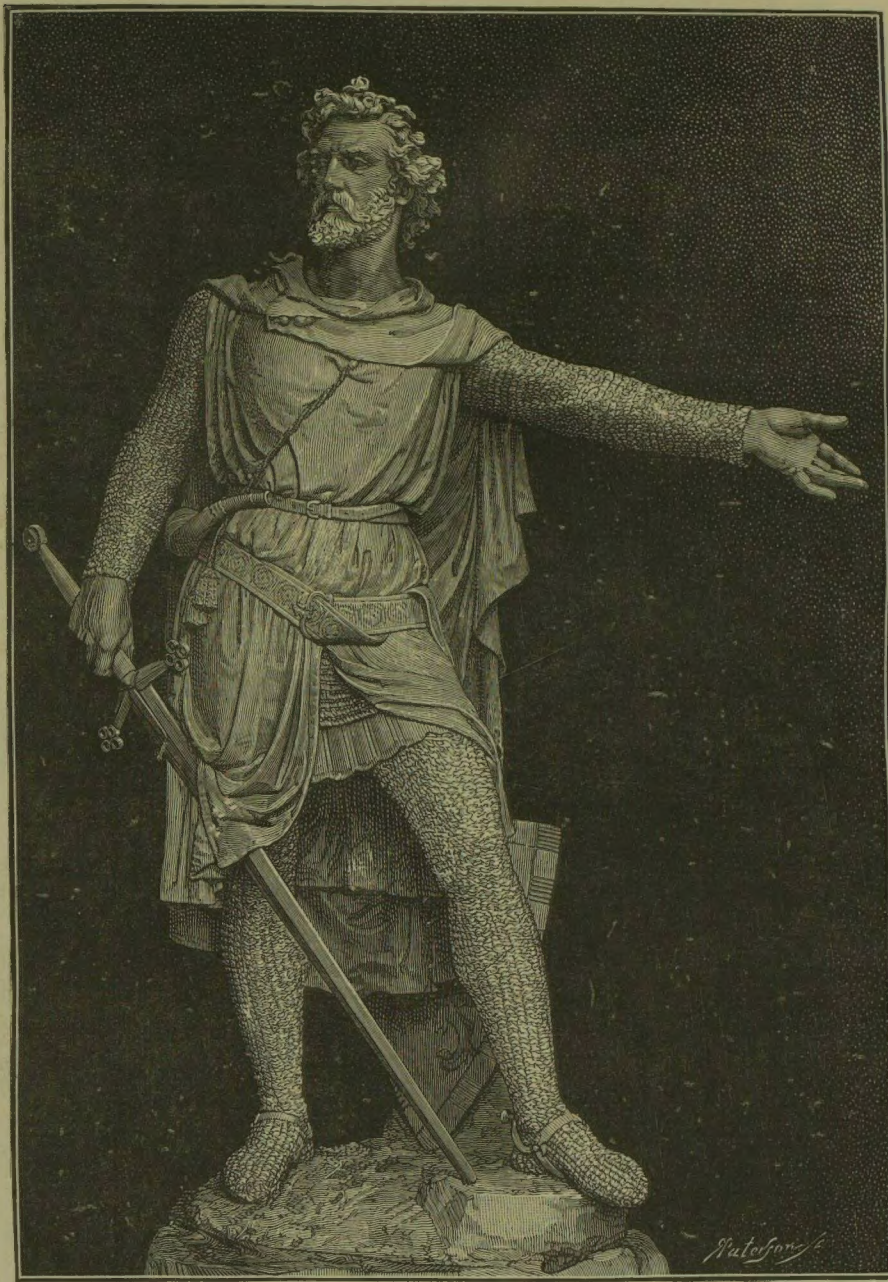
from the Rye-road, whence the place is seen lying in a hollow, with a lovely stretch of distance beyond. The approach to the main street from Sussex, where the tower of the church groups wonderfully well with the houses below it, is also pleasing; and so is the road at the opposite end of the village, stretching away towards Tenterden and Ashford. These views are worthy subjects for the artist's pencil. There is also a charming prospect from the churchyard, where the great grey tower of the church contrasts admirably with the red roofs and chimneys of the village street. The inside of the church is worth a visit, if only to see the interior of the tower, where the great weights of the clock hang down in very primitive fashion.

STATUE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

The Aberdeen bronze statue of Sir William Wallace was unveiled on June 29, by the Marquis of Lorne. The hero is represented giving an answer of defiance to the English demands. The sum of £3000 was left by the late Mr. John Steell, sculptor, of Edinburgh, for the erection of this statue; and the trustees, with the aid of their coadjutors, Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., and Dr. Rowand Anderson, selected the design by Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, from twenty-five competing models. The statue, which has been successfully cast in bronze by Messrs. Young and Co., Pimlico, is 16 ft. high, and is the largest in Scotland. The freedom of the city of Aberdeen was presented to the Marquis of Lorne, who in his speech referred to the project of Imperial Federation and united defences.

PICTURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND FAMILY.

The picture of the Queen surrounded by her family, fifty-four in number, which is now on view at the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's), has a special claim to our notice, for it is really interesting as a work of art. M. Tuxen, the Danish artist, shows that, though difficult, it is nevertheless possible to arrange artistically and satisfactorily a number of persons, all claiming certain rights as to position and precedence, and, so far as the men are concerned, arrayed in costumes which admit of no modification or poetic treatment. M. Tuxen has, moreover, gone a step farther in managing to group, in a great measure, the various branches of the Queen's family. Her Majesty, seated on a sofa, occupies the centre of the canvas, and she is in the act of receiving a bouquet from her grandchild, Princess Alice of Albany, whose widowed mother is kneeling beside the child. All the small children and grandchildren occupy places in the foreground, so that they are not obscured by their relatives of larger growth. The Empress of Germany occupies the other end of the sofa on which the Queen is seated, and behind her is Princess Christian, over whose chair the stalwart figure of the late Emperor Frederick towers, the most majestic figure in the scene. Immediately behind him, leaning against the mantelpiece, is Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Wales being the central standing figure



STATUE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AT ABERDEEN.

behind the Queen's sofa; whilst the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with their family, occupy the whole of the left of the picture—their two youngest children, Princesses Alexandra and Beatrice, being seemingly far more interested in their delightful dog than in the gorgeous company assembled in the drawing-room of Windsor Castle one day last year.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

Sir Charles Stewart Forbes, Bart., of Castle Newe, Aberdeenshire, and Miss Emma Theodora Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Maxwell, were married, on July 2, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. Sir Charles was accompanied by the Earl of Dudley, his cousin, as best man. The eight bridesmaids were—Miss Angela Maxwell, sister of the bride; Misses Evelyn, Blanche, and Mabel Forbes, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Mariquita Grenfell and Miss Winifred Sandbach, cousins of the bride; Lady Edith Ward and Miss Ida Forbes, cousins of the bridegroom. The bride was conducted to the altar by her brother, Captain John G. Maxwell (of the Black Watch). Her train was held by three little pages, namely, Master Francis FitzGibbon, her nephew; and Masters Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, her cousins.

The marriage of Mr. E. Grenville Gore-Langton with the Hon. Florence Emily Murray, sister of Lord Elibank, took place in the parish church of Newton St. Loe, Somerset, on June 23. Mr. Reginald Gordon Wickham was the best man and the bride was attended by five bridesmaids—the Hon. Nina Murray, Miss Aline and Miss Clara Gore-Langton, Miss Margaret Skrine, and Miss Geraldine Waring. Masters Evelyn and Robert Gore-Langton acted as pages to the bride.

The marriage of Lord Carew with Miss Julia Lethbridge, daughter of the late Mr. Albert Lethbridge, and grand-daughter of the late Sir John Lethbridge, Bart., of Sandhill Park, Taunton, was solemnised in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on June 27. The Earl of Caithness attended his cousin as best man; and the five bridesmaids were Miss A. Lethbridge, sister of the bride; Miss Prideaux Brune, Miss Cliffe, Miss Hoste, and Miss Nesta Carew. The bride was led to the altar by her uncle, Sir Wroth Lethbridge, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral, the Rev. Edward S. Prideaux Brune, cousin of the bridegroom, officiating.

The inspection of the Royal Military Asylum, by the Duke of Cambridge, took place on July 4.

Mr. Klinkicht, the well-known engraver, has had the Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph conferred on him by the Emperor of Austria for exhibiting some of the large portraits engraved for this Journal.

On June 30 the 2nd City of London Rifles were inspected on the Horse Guards Parade by Colonel Home, Grenadier Guards, the battalion of nearly 700 officers and men being under the command of Colonel Cantlow. In Regent's Park Colonel Tucker inspected the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, which had on parade over 800 officers and men, commanded by Colonel Clark; and the West Middlesex Rifles, about 500 strong, were also inspected in the same park by Colonel Stracey, Scots Guards. In Hyde Park the St. George's Rifles were paraded before Colonel Wigram of the Coldstreams, Colonel Stanley Bird being in command. In Kennington Park the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the West Surrey Regiment were inspected by Colonel Hercy, commanding the Guildford Regimental District, 650 officers and men being on parade.



THE MARBLE PALACE AT POTSDAM, THE RESIDENCE OF THE NEW EMPEROR.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, July 3.

The election in the Charente has ended, as might have been expected, in the victory of the Conservative, M. Gellibert des Segnins, by 37,514 votes; M. Weiller, Opportunist, came second, with 11,691; and M. Deroulède, third, with 11,691. In the Loiret, the Conservative candidate, M. Julien Dumas, was elected. Boulangism being apparently on the wane, the attacks against the Floquet Ministry have begun once more, and, unless Boulanger succeeds in stirring up the country by some new manoeuvre, we may expect a Ministerial crisis one of these days; or, at the best, we may look forward to the fall of Floquet with the first autumn leaves. Thus, it appears, the political situation in France is, as usual, unsettled, but not gravely so.

At the church of St. Sulpice last Sunday Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers and of Carthage, preached a sermon in favour of the abolition of slavery in Africa. St. Sulpice is the first station of the crusade which the Cardinal will continue to preach next week in Belgium. The Cardinal described the African slave-trade as being more violent and atrocious than ever in Morocco, in the oases of the Sahara, at Timbuctoo, on the Niger, on the Red Sea, along the Zambesi, and especially in the region of the great lakes in the very centre of Equatorial Africa. The number of slaves captured amounts to from four to five hundred thousand a year—almost exclusively women and children, for the slave-hunters kill the men. The slave-dealers, who are all Mussulmans, have ferocious hordes of half-breeds and even of negroes at their orders; they attack villages, burn the houses, kill the men who resist, and drive the women and children to the slave-markets, exercising horrible cruelty upon all. Cardinal Lavigerie says that if this slave traffic continues, the interior of Africa will become an absolutely depopulated desert in less than fifty years. In concluding his discourse, the Cardinal made an appeal to the press, without distinction of opinions or tendencies, to make known these horrors to the whole universe. The dream of Cardinal Lavigerie would be the creation of a new military-religious order, for it is only possible to put an end to this slave trade by armed force. Indeed, it is announced from Rome that the Pope is preparing a bull to confirm the Order of Malta with all its ancient privileges, specially with a view to stamping out this Central African slave trade.

The scaffolding is now being removed from round the Gambetta monument on the Place du Carrousel, which is to be inaugurated with some ceremony on July 13. Designed by the sculptor Aube and the architect Boileau, the monument is composed of a pylon, slightly pyramidal in shape, surmounted by a winged lion, on whose back sits a nude female figure wearing a Phrygian cap, and representing "Triumphant Democracy." In one hand this figure holds thunderbolts, while with the other she inscribes on a tablet the "Declaration of the Rights of Man." At the base of the pylon, on the front, is a high relief group, representing Gambetta stimulating the national defence, figured by a soldier and a sailor, while above, the genius of France soars with spread wings, seeming to listen to Gambetta's soul-stirring words. The pylon is further ornamented with emblems in bronze, and with citations from Gambetta's speeches graven in the stone; and on the lateral façades are bronze figures symbolising the army, industry, truth, strength. The monument is entirely of stone and of bronze; its total height is 80 ft.; its cost has been 350,000fr. Some of the sculpture is

very fine, but it is to be feared that the monument as a whole is wanting in simplicity and clearness of signification. What a strange idea, too, to cover the column with fragments of speeches, which are, after all, mere newspaper phrases that have already lost their force! In another ten years these high-sounding phrases will require volumes to explain them. But the great objection to be made to the inscriptions is that they break up the monument, and leave no simple surfaces where the eye might rest.

The Paris Municipal Council is meditating grave modifications in the contract between the city of Paris and the General Omnibus Company, which, since 1854, has enjoyed an exclusive monopoly, in return for which it is bound to maintain certain lines at a loss, for the convenience, however, of the public. Thus at present there are thirty-six lines of omnibuses running in Paris, and of these last year eighteen produced a net total of 1,845,736 francs, while the other eighteen were worked with a loss of 1,015,361 francs. There are two propositions before the Council: one to abolish the monopoly, the other to authorise the creation of rival lines. Either course will lead to complicated lawsuits between the city and the company.

The great feature of the July 14 celebration this year will be a monster dinner offered to the Mayors of France. This dinner of over 4000 covers will be served on the Champ de Mars in one of the galleries of the Exhibition building parallel with the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, which will be splendidly decorated for the occasion with tapestry hangings and plants. On July 14, likewise, by decision of the irrepressible Municipal Council, the Avenue du Trône and the Place du Trône will be rebaptised in the name of the famous brewer, Santerre, who distinguished himself in the capture of the Bastille, and also in massacring the prisoners of the Abbaye.

There is once more talk, and this time serious talk, of erecting a monument of some kind in honour of Honoré de Balzac, the author of the "Comédie Humaine." The Société des Gens de Lettres have taken the matter up, the press is beating the drums of publicity, and the subscription-list has started well. It is proposed to inaugurate the monument during the Exhibition year. Now-a-days everything is connected with 1889. The Government itself is setting the example by seizing every opportunity of making the Exhibition of 1889 and its success a political lever.

The *Journal Officiel* has published elaborate and curious statistics on the application of the divorce law in France, in 1884, 1885, and 1886. In 1886 the number of divorces and separations exceeded 7000. The average of marriages ending in divorce appears to be 9 in 1000. The class of people who head the list of demands for divorce are workmen and day-labourers, then come tradespeople, next independent persons and members of the liberal professions, next domestic servants, and, last of all, farmers. Of the divorces, 40 per cent are demanded by the husband and 60 per cent by the wife.

The total receipts of the Salon exhibition of paintings and sculpture, which closed last Saturday, amounted to 332,000fr., and the number of free entries to 314,000. The expenses of the Salon amount to 240,000fr., so that there remains a profit of 160,000fr., which, added to the already existing capital, 747,429fr., thus makes the Société des Artistes Français possessors of a capital of upwards of 900,000fr.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany were present at Divine service in the Friedenskirche on Sunday morning, July 1, and prayed in silence beside the coffin of the Emperor Frederick. The Emperor has addressed a Rescript to Prince

Bismarck, in which he deplores the "evil days" which have recently fallen upon the Imperial House, and speaks of the deep affection manifested for his father throughout Germany and foreign lands. He gives his assurance that like his ancestors he will devote himself to promote and consolidate the welfare of the country. It is stated in Berlin that an interview of the Emperor with the Czar will take place in a German Baltic port some time in July.—The Empress Victoria, in returning thanks for the addresses of condolence presented to her Majesty by the civic authorities, expressed her resolve to continue to give her co-operation in all efforts for humanitarian objects.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, accompanied by the Archduchess Marie Valérie, have gone to Gastein. The Austrian and Hungarian Delegations having passed the Bills required by the Ministry, their sessions have been closed.

The Spanish Cortes virtually closed on July 2 with the vote of the Budget by the Senate, after protracted debates with the Protectionists, whose amendments were all defeated, the Government declaring its determination to persevere with the present tariff policy.

The Great Horse Show at Brussels has been closed with a procession of all the horses exhibited before the Queen of the Belgians, one of the best judges of a horse in Europe. Mr. Walter Gilbey, of Elsenham Hall, received a gold medal as the foreign exhibitor who had contributed most to the success of the show.—The exhibition of hygiene and life-saving apparatus in the Park Léopold, at Ostend, is now open. The exhibitors number about 400, and the exhibits, of which many possess considerable interest, are divided into seven sections.

A New York correspondent telegraphs that the Duke of Marlborough was married, on June 29, by the Mayor, Mr. Hewitt, to Mrs. Lilian Warren Hammersley.—A hundred thousand ironworkers in the Western States of America have gone on strike.

Severe fighting is reported from Zululand. A force, composed of British troops and police, with native levies, attacked the rebel chief Ishingana, and utterly routed him, the loss being heavy on both sides.

The *Theatre* for July contains excellent photographic portraits of Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Charles Santley.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House on June 29 in support of the movement to obtain an endowment towards the maintenance of College Hall, Byng-place, Gordon-square, established to provide a residence for women studying at University College and the London School of Medicine for Women. Earl Granville presided; and the meeting was addressed by Mrs. Scharlieb, the Rev. J. C. Harrison, Sir George Grove, Sir J. Lubbock, Professor Henry Morley, and Lady Grant Duff.

MARRIAGE.

On June 21, at the parish church of All Saints, Wandsworth, by the Rev. C. H. Andrews, Vicar of Kentish Town, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Reed, Vicar of All Saints, H. W. P. Kooystra, Fleet Paymaster R.N., to Lucy Constance Maria, second daughter of Thomas Symonds Howell, of The Old Vicarage, Wandsworth.

DEATHS.

On June 16, at Oakwood House, Taptonville-crescent, Sheffield, Joseph Barnesley, of the firm of George Barnesley and Sons, aged 46.
On June 27, at Westgate-on-Sea, Joseph Sherwood, Esq., of 61, Westbourne-terrace, W., aged 78.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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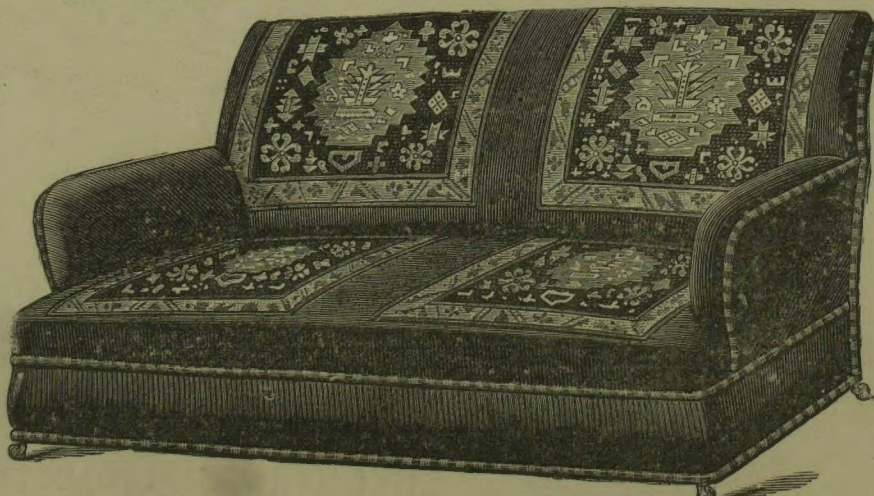
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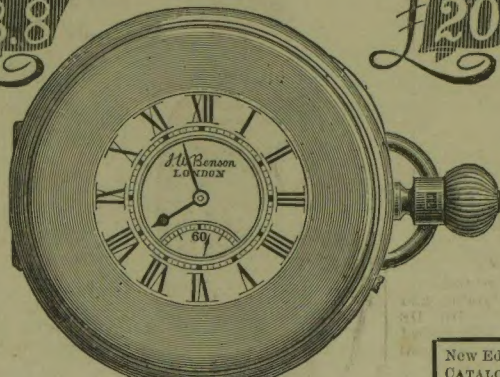
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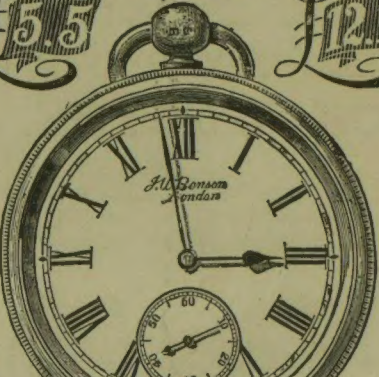
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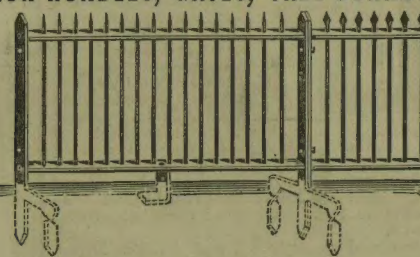
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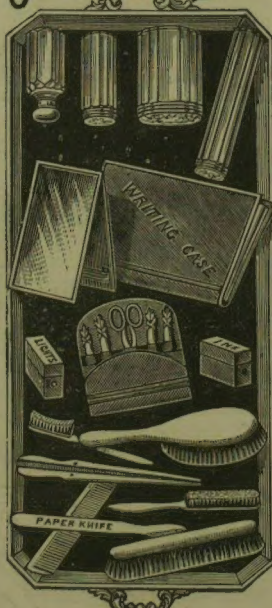
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